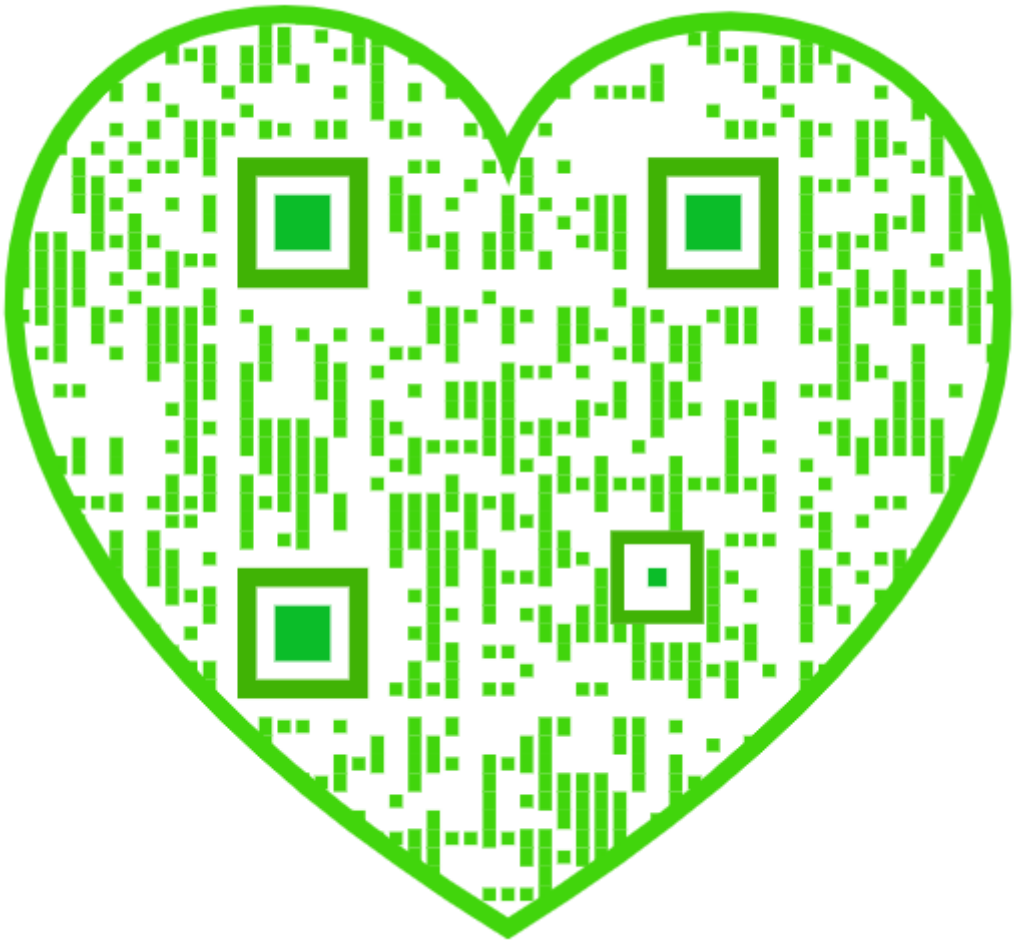

THE

NEW McGUFFEY

FIFTH READER

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NEW MCGUF. FIFTH R.
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PREFACE

It is now nearly three quarters of a century since the appearance of the first edition of McGuffey's Readers, compiled by Dr. William H. McGuffey. Revisions have since been made from time to time as the advancement in educational theories and the changes in methods of teaching seemed to demand. No other school text-books have retained the popular favor so long or have exerted so general and so wholesome an influence as has this series of Readers.

In preparing the present revision the aim of the compiler has been to introduce such new matter and methods as the experience and judgment of the best teachers have found most commendable and desirable. He has at the same time endeavored to preserve those essential features which have always distinguished the McGuffey Readers and have so largely contributed to their success. While the majority of the selections are new to the series, care has been taken to maintain the same high literary and ethical standard that has hitherto so distinctly characterized these books. Lessons inculcating kindness, courage, obedience, industry, thrift, true manliness, patriotism, and other duties and obligations form no small portion of the contents. Selections from the masterpieces of English literature include both the older classical productions, without which no school reader can be complete, and also choice extracts from many of the latest and most popular writers.

The Elocutionary Introduction, by Professor F. Townsend Southwick, presents in brief scope the most important rules for oral reading and those principles of the art that are most necessary for the pupils to master. The teacher should, at the very outset, become thoroughly familiar with the subjects here presented, and the pupils should be referred to this discussion of elocutionary principles as often as occasion may permit.

The more difficult words are defined, and their pronunciation is indicated by diacritical marks. The object of this is to aid the pupil in the ready preparation of the reading lesson, and not to supply merely an exercise in the study of words. Short explanatory notes are given wherever required for a full understanding of the text. It is assumed, however, that the pupils have already a general knowledge of most of the subjects alluded to, or that they have ready access to the more common books of reference, and therefore only occasional notes of this character are necessary.

An alphabetical list of the authors of the various selections, together with brief biographical and critical notes, is given as an appendix to the volume.

Acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, the Century Company, and other publishers who have generously permitted the use, in this series, of selections from their copyrighted works.

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ELOCUTIONARY INTRODUCTION.

By F. Townsend Southwick.

Elocutionary practice enables us to express the full meaning of what we read or speak.

If we listen attentively to others, we shall soon observe that the words they speak often mean less than the manner of speaking them. Even a dog knows by his master's voice whether he is pleased or not. A simple exclamation like *Oh!* may mean pleasure, pain, anger, love, surprise, grief, or contempt, according to the expression of face and voice.

Our emotions are seldom expressed in so many words. We do not often say, "I am very sad and miserable," or "I am very angry." We do not need to say so. The emotions exhibit themselves unmistakably.

We state facts or describe scenes clearly enough in words, but our feelings about those facts or scenes are shown by our tones, inflections, and other means of vocal expression, as well as by facial expression which always accompanies true feeling. For example, in "The Chambered Nautilus," the poet says: —

> This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
> Sails the unshadowed main.

The words here state what is really not true, for the shell is not a ship of pearl, but resembles a ship of pearl. To read this in a matter-of-fact way would not bring out even the poet's thought. What he really wishes us to understand is that it is a beautiful object, and he wishes us to see it in imagination. Moreover, he wishes us to feel toward the shell as he does, that is, to love and admire it.

Now to read this well we must put ourselves in the author's place, try to think what he thought, see the shell in imagination, and finally feel toward it the same admiration that he felt. Moreover, we must strive to make our listeners see and understand as well as share our feelings.

One might read these lines with an intonation that would convey great contempt, the underlying thought being "how ridiculous for poets to imagine such nonsense about a mere shell." Of course this would be entirely wrong, but it would be possible to do it without changing a word, simply by a difference in expression.

We see, then, that one must determine the underlying meaning of a given passage before he can be sure of reading it properly, and supply mentally many descriptive or emotional words that are suggested but not written. To do this, we must study the context, that is, what precedes and what follows it. We must know something of the circumstances under which it was composed, and understand the historical or personal allusions which we often find in literature. Not only must we understand and sympathize with the author, but we must know how to use the voice so as to express his meaning naturally.

In Longfellow's "The Reaper and the Flowers," occur these lines: —

> And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
> The flowers she most did love;
> She knew she should find them all again
> In the fields of light above.

Now, one might read this, as is often done, in a careless, indifferent manner, or what would be almost as bad, in a very careful and painstaking way, as if one were explaining a problem in arithmetic. It is plain that neither way of reading would be right. To do justice to this stanza, we should try to see in imagination the weeping mother whose children have died, to sympathize with her sorrow and her love for them; then in the third and fourth lines we must endeavor to feel and express her hope and faith.

This is a difficult task, and only a very artistic reader can hope to succeed in it fully; but at least we may try to suggest the beauty of the poem, and even if we fail, we shall at least have gained something in the clearer understanding of its meaning.

In preparing your reading lesson ask yourself: —

1. What was the purpose of the author? What are the thoughts, pictures, feelings to be expressed?

2. What words are most essential to make the meaning clear, that is, what words should I emphasize?

3. What particular meaning shall I give to these words? Shall I say, for instance, "this is a beautiful shell, which as poets charmingly imagine, sails the broad sunlit expanse of the tropical ocean," or "this is a wretched broken shell, that silly poets would have us believe once sailed like a ship — how ridiculous!"

4. Is a given thought complete or does it depend on another thought?

5. What are the most important ideas in the whole selection, and what are the secondary ones?

6. What means of expression will best bring out the meaning, that is, shall I speak loudly or softly, fast or slow, with what inflection, etc.?

You already know something about emphasis, inflection, and pause. The following rules, well remembered, will help you to apply your knowledge: —

PAUSE.

We pause for every new idea, even if it is contained in a single word. The length of the pause depends on the importance of what we are saying.

In the pause we gather in energy for the next idea. If we are reading an unfamiliar passage, we master the new thought before going on.

GROUPING.

We speak each phrase or thought group almost as if it were one long word with a strong accent on the most important or

emphatic syllables, thus: "How are you to-day?" not "How | are | you | to-day | ?"

When speaking in a large room or where we wish to be impressive, we speak more slowly than usual, but keep the same proportion between the words in each group and between the different groups. That is, if we speak in a more serious manner, we also pause longer.

EMPHASIS.

We dwell upon or emphasize the word which makes the new idea most clear. All things that are supposed to be known beforehand are passed over lightly, spoken more rapidly, and usually in a slightly lower pitch than the important words; as in the following example: —

On the charge of sorcery and diabolical possession [mentioned before], she still appealed firmly to *God*. "I hold to my *Judge*," she said, as her earthly judges gave sentence against her [already spoken of], "to the *King* of *Heaven* and *Earth*."

Explanatory clauses and parentheses unless very important are passed over lightly; as —

Now the *queen* (by reason of the words of the king and his lords) came into the *banquet house*.

What? said he.

Serious thoughts are often emphasized by being read slowly, and on a much lower pitch than the rest: —

> But the tender grace of a day that is dead
> Will never come back to me.

When we are very earnest, we pause before or after the emphatic word to call special attention to it: —

> There is a *Reaper* || whose name || is *Death*.
>
> 'Twas an *Angel* || visited the green earth
> And took the flowers away.

The same rules hold good of thought groups and sentences as of single words. The most important thoughts are spoken slowly and carefully, the less important, or subordinate phrases or sentences, are passed over lightly.

INFLECTION.

By inflection or slide, we mean the upward or downward movement of the voice on a syllable. Inflection is most noticeable on the emphatic syllables and on the final syllable of a phrase or sentence: —

The falling slide or inflection (\) is heard in complete statements: —

This is all I have to say\.

It is also heard when we are very positive, earnest, or commanding, whether the sentence has the form of a statement or of a question: —

I tell you I will\!
Have you finished your lesson\?
Sit down, sir\!

When the statement is not complete, but depends on something else, or when we are uncertain instead of positive, or indifferent instead of earnest, the voice does not fall, but has a suspensive or slightly rising inflection (/): —

This is all *I*/ have to say/ [but others may know more].
I think/ this is all I have to say/ [but I am not certain].
Oh yes, I will/ [if you wish it].
He said/ "come\!" "Come\!" he said/.
Have you finished your lesson\/? [Indifference.]
Won't you sit down/, sir/?

Direct questions, that can be answered by yes or no, have a very distinct rising inflection: —

Have you finished your les/son/?

The greater the degree of emphasis the longer will be the slide, and the wider the range of melody, thus: —

Have you finished your les-son? [I am surprised!]

Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slav-e-ry?

Sit down, sir.

This is very noticeable when we reiterate a phrase, with increasing emphasis, as in calling or commanding: —

Come here! Come *here!* Come HERE I say!

There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and, let it come! I repeat it, let it come!

See also what is said under Volume and Force.

Circumflex inflections (∪∧) show a double meaning, as when we say "oh yes," meaning just the opposite. It is heard in sarcasm and irony: —

"Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me, — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! you who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen."

— "The Discontented Pendulum."

The *Monotone* is an almost level tone heard in great solemnity or monotony; as in the following examples: —

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldiers' last tattoo:

Break, break, break, on thy cold, gray stones, O sea.

It is often heard in calling —

Hello-o-o-o! Co-o-o-me!

Analyze the following example for inflection, emphasis, and grouping: —

"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion is at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" — "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, although you may think of a million of strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in." — "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. — "Then I hope," resumed the dial plate, "that we shall all return to our duty immediately; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

— "The Discontented Pendulum."

VOLUME AND FORCE.

Thoughts and pictures do not require much variety in the volume of voice, though we may increase the depth and volume in describing vast or noble things, and diminish it in suggesting delicacy, daintiness, or weakness.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven; —
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory! — DRAKE.

The boy smiled faintly — so very, very faintly.

A river went singing a-down to the sea,
A-singing — low — singing —

In expressing our emotions, however, we make use of many degrees of force. Violent anger is naturally associated with great energy. Be careful to avoid screaming, and to breathe frequently and deeply so as to keep a plentiful supply of breath in the lungs, and to have some energy always in reserve. In other words, feel that you can speak still louder if you choose. In a passage like the following do not exhaust yourself in the first few lines, but reserve the strongest outburst for the climax. Intensity is more effective than noise.

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And — "This to *me!*" he said, —
"And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the DOUGLAS' HEAD!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be *thy mate:*
And, Douglas, more, I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of *pride,*
Here, in thy *hold,* thy *vassals* near,
I tell thee, thou'rt DEFIED!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or *Highland,* FAR OR NEAR,
Lord Angus, *thou hast* LIED. — SCOTT, "Marmion."

We naturally speak more loudly in enthusiasm or for great emphasis, but the degree of volume varies with the emotion. Such a thought as "Forbid it, Almighty God," if declaimed violently, would be devoid of all solemnity, but the rest of the

following passage would sound tame if spoken in our ordinary tones: —

"It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death." — PATRICK HENRY, "Speech before the Virginia Convention."

Tender, gentle feelings are expressed in gentle tones and with caressing inflections, very different from the abrupt manner of declamatory speaking; as in the following lines: —

He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

— LONGFELLOW, "The Village Blacksmith."

The whisper or half whisper is heard in secrecy, sometimes in fear; as —

"Hush!" "How fearful!"

RATE AND PITCH.

The medium or normal pitch and rate of movement are those which we use in ordinary conversation.

Serious ideas are spoken slowly and in a lower pitch than usual; as —

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still;
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.
And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

Light, bright, jolly ideas and emotions usually have a higher pitch and more rapid rate of movement than ordinary; as —

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather. — SHAKESPEARE.

BODILY EXPRESSION.

For ordinary reading, stand easily with the weight on one foot, as described in the Fourth Reader of this series.

In strong emotions, the feet are wider apart, but usually the weight is on one foot. Do not shift uneasily from one foot to the other.

The body expands, and the head lifts in noble emotions and in powerful declamation.

The body relaxes in tenderness, and becomes very limp in expressing weakness or extreme fear.

The eyes open in surprise, alarm, and great excitement; they tend to close in suspicion and slyness.

We frown in anger; we lift the eyebrows in pain.

We smile in pleasure, we draw down the lips in suffering. But we must smile or grieve with the eyes as well, if we would be natural.

We extend our arms toward things or persons of which or to which we speak. The attitude of the hand expresses our feelings toward these. For instance, the clenched fist denotes antagonism; the open hand lifted indicates surprise; the hand extended, as in greeting, expresses friendliness. In ordinary reading, gesture is usually unnecessary. In reciting, however, gesture is both natural and appropriate, but remember to save gesture for the most important moments. When not gesticulating, the arms should hang easily by the side.

Remember that these are merely hints. A volume might be written on bodily expression, and leave much unsaid. Study the actions as well as the voices of those about you, and let your own expressions be free and natural.

ENUNCIATION.

We have already learned about vowels and consonants. The following rules for their correct enunciation will be found very useful: —

1. Do not open the mouth too wide at the front, but let the jaw drop as much as possible at the back.

2. Round the lips slightly for all vowels. This will give fullness and resonance to the voice. A grinning manner of opening the mouth results in a thin, flat, disagreeable quality.

3. Be especially careful to pronounce the accented vowels accurately and fully. Do not overdo the unaccented vowels.

4. Do not drawl or drag the vowels. Be sure that the short vowels are really short, that is, given with a single impulse; as *ă* not *ăă*, *ĕ* not *ĕĕ*. The long vowels have a double impulse; that is, *ā* is *āā*, *ē* is *ēē*, but not *āāā*, *ēēē*.

5. Be sure that all final sounds, especially final consonants, are spoken clearly. Be especially careful when two similar sounds come together, as *speak correctly*, or where there are a number of consonants in succession as in *correctly*.

6. Never neglect a consonant sound whether in an accented or an unaccented syllable.

7. Use just the action that is needed for a consonant and

nothing else. Let the action of the tongue and lips be prompt and accurate.

8. Keep the lower jaw relaxed and speak on the roof of the mouth, not in the nose or throat.

9. Avoid chewing and swallowing movements.

10. Take frequent deep breaths. Never let the chest collapse.

11. Retain the breath as much as possible while speaking. This prevents the disagreeable aspirate or " breathy " quality.

12. Do not push out the breath when speaking loudly, but rather expand the chest at the most emphatic words.

13. Speak to those farthest from you.

14. Remember that distinctness is much more important than noise. If you have difficulty with your articulation, practice whispering in a very clear, exact manner as if you wished to speak to some one at a distance without being overheard by any one else.

FIFTH READER.

THE COUNTRY VISITOR.

By Louisa May Alcott.

I.

"It's time to go to the station, Tom."

"Come on, then."

"Oh, I'm not going; it's too wet."

"You don't expect me to go and bring home a strange girl, do you?" And Tom looked as much alarmed as if his sister had proposed to him to escort the wild woman of Australia.

"Of course I do. It's your place to go."

"Well, I call that mean! I suppose I must go, if you have arranged it so; but catch me bothering about your friends another time! *Never!*" And Tom rose from the sofa with an air of indignant resolution.

"Now, don't be cross, Tom," said Fanny, softly, hoping to soothe his ruffled feelings.

"How long is she going to stay?"

"A month or two, maybe. She's a very nice little lady, and I shall keep her as long as she's happy."

"She won't stay long, then, if I can help it," muttered Tom, who regarded girls as a very unnecessary portion of

creation. "But how am I going to know her at the station? I never saw her, and she never saw me."

"You'll find her easy enough; she'll probably be standing around looking for us. I dare say she'll know *you*, because I've described you to her."

"I guess she won't then;" and Tom gave a hasty smooth to his curly pate and a glance at the mirror, feeling sure that his sister had not done him justice. Sisters never do, as "we boys" know too well.

II.

The train was just in when Tom reached the station, panting like a race-horse, and as red as a lobster with the wind and the run.

"How in the world shall I know her? It was too bad of Fannie to make me come all alone," thought Tom, as he stood watching the crowd stream through the depot, and feeling rather daunted at the array of young ladies who passed. He presently caught sight of a girl in gorgeous array, standing with her hands folded and a very small hat perched on the top of a very large "chignon," as Tom pronounced it. "I suppose I must speak to her, and so here goes;" and, nerving himself to the task, Tom slowly approached the damsel, who looked as if the wind had blown her clothes into rags, such a flapping of sashes, ruffles, curls, and feathers was there.

"I say, if you please, is your name Polly Minton?" meekly asked Tom, pausing before the stranger.

"No, it isn't," answered the young lady, with a cool stare that utterly quenched him.

"Then where in the world is she?" growled Tom, as he walked away. The quick tap of feet behind him made

him turn in time to see a fresh-faced little girl running towards him across the broad platform. As she smiled and waved her bag at him, he stopped and waited for her, saying to himself, "Hello! I wonder if that's Polly?"

Up came the little girl with her hand out, and a half shy, half merry look in her blue eyes, as she said, inquiringly, "This is Tom, isn't it?"

"Yes. How did you know?" and Tom got over the ordeal of handshaking without thinking of it, he was so surprised.

"Oh, Fan told me you had curly hair and a funny nose, and kept whistling, and wore a gray cap pulled over your eyes; so I knew you directly."

"Where are your trunks?" asked Tom, as he was reminded of his duty by her handing him the bag, which he had not offered to take.

"Father told me not to wait for any one, lest I should lose my chance of a hack. So I gave my check to a man, and there he is with my trunk;" and Polly walked off after her one modest piece of baggage.

"She isn't a bit of a young lady. She doesn't look like a city girl, nor act like one either," thought Tom, trudging in the rear.

III.

As the carriage drove off, Polly gave a little bounce on the springy seat, and laughed like a delighted child. "I do like to ride in these hacks, and see all the fine things, and have a good time, don't you?" she said, composing herself the next minute, as if it suddenly occurred to her that she was going a-visiting.

"Not much," said Tom, not minding what he said.

"How's Fan? Why didn't she come, too?" asked

Polly, trying to look demure, while her eyes danced in spite of her.

"She was afraid of spoiling her curls;" and Tom smiled at his base betrayal of confidence.

"You and I don't mind the dampness, do we? I'm much obliged to you for coming to take care of me."

It was kind of Polly to say that, and Tom felt it. He hadn't done anything for her but carry the bag a few steps; yet she thanked him. He felt grateful, and in a burst of confidence offered her a handful of peanuts; for his pockets were always supplied with this agreeable delicacy, and he might be traced anywhere by the trail of shells he left behind him.

IV.

Fanny came flying out to meet her "darling Polly," as Tom presented her with the graceful remark, "I've got her!" and the air of a dauntless hunter producing the trophies of his skill. Polly was instantly whisked upstairs; and having danced a double shuffle on the doormat, Tom retired to the dining-room, to restore exhausted nature with half a dozen cookies.

"Aren't you tired to death? Don't you want to lie down?" said Fanny, sitting on the side of the bed in Polly's room, and chattering hard while she examined everything her friend had on.

"Not at all. I had a very pleasant time coming;" and then, to change the conversation, she looked admiringly about the large, handsome room, and said, "How splendid it is! I never slept in a bed with curtains, or had such a fine toilet table as this."

"I'm glad you like it; but don't, for mercy sake, say

such things before the other girls!" replied Fanny, wishing Polly would wear ear-rings, as every one else did.

"Why not?"

"Oh, they laugh at everything the least bit odd, and that isn't pleasant." Fanny didn't say "countrified," but she meant it, and Polly felt uncomfortable. So she shook out her little black-silk apron with a thoughtful face, and resolved not to allude to her home, if she could avoid it. "But, never fear," continued Fanny, "I'll take care of you, and fix you up, so that no one will think you are odd."

"Am I odd?" asked Polly, struck by the repetition of the word, and hoping it didn't mean anything very bad.

"You are a dear, and ever so much prettier than you were last summer; but you have been brought up differently from us, and your ways are not like ours, you see," said Fanny, finding it rather hard to explain.

"How different?" asked Polly.

"Well, you dress like a little girl, for one thing."

"I *am* a little girl; so, why shouldn't I?" and Polly looked at her simple blue merino frock, stout boots, and short hair, with a puzzled air.

"You are fourteen; and *we* consider ourselves young ladies at that age," replied Fanny. "But come, the dinner bell has rung. Let us go down;" and she got up, pluming herself as a bird does before its flight.

V.

Polly hoped that Tom would not be present; but he was, and stared at her in a most trying manner.

Mr. Shaw, a busy-looking gentleman, said: "How do you do, my dear? Hope you'll enjoy yourself," and

then appeared to forget her entirely. Mrs. Shaw, a pale, nervous woman, greeted her little guest kindly, and took care that she wanted for nothing.

Madam Shaw, a quiet old lady, with an imposing cap, exclaimed, on seeing Polly, "Bless my heart! the image of her mother — a sweet woman — how is she, dear?" and kept peering at the newcomer over her glasses till between Madam and Tom poor Polly lost her appetite.

It was, altogether, an uncomfortable dinner, and Polly was very glad when it was over. They all went about their own affairs; and, after doing the honors of the house, Fan was called to the dressmaker, leaving Polly to amuse herself in the great drawing-room.

Polly was glad to be alone for a few minutes; and, having examined all the pretty things about her, began to walk up and down over the soft, flowery carpet, humming to herself, as the daylight faded, and only the ruddy glow of the fire filled the room.

Presently Madam came slowly in and sat down in her armchair, saying: "That's a fine old tune; sing it to me, my dear. I haven't heard it this many a day."

Polly didn't like to sing before strangers, for she had no teaching but such as her busy mother could give her; but she had been taught the utmost respect for old people, and, having no reason for refusing, she directly went to the piano and did as she was bid.

"That's the sort of music it's a pleasure to hear. Sing some more, dear," said Madam, in her gentle way.

Pleased with this praise, Polly sang away in a fresh little voice that went straight to the listener's heart and nestled there. The sweet old tunes that one is never tired of were all Polly's store; and when she wound up

"The old lady put out her hand."

with "A Health to King Charlie," the room was quite filled with stirring music.

"That's a jolly tune! Sing it again, please," cried Tom's voice; and there was Tom's red head bobbing up over the high back of the chair where he had hidden himself. It gave Polly quite a turn, for she thought no one was hearing her but the old lady dozing by the fire. "I can't sing any more; I'm tired," she said, and walked away to Madam in the other room.

VI.

The old lady put out her hand, and, drawing Polly to her knee, looked into her face with such kind eyes that Polly forgot the impressive cap, and smiled at her confidently; for she saw that her simple music had pleased her listener, and she felt glad to know it.

"You mustn't mind my staring, dear," said Madam, softly pinching her rosy cheek; "I haven't seen a little girl for so long it does my old eyes good to look at you." Polly thought that a very odd speech, and couldn't help saying, "Aren't Fan and Maud little girls, too?"

"Oh, dear, no! not what I call little girls. Fan has been a young lady these two years, and Maud is a spoiled baby. Your mother's a very sensible woman, my child."

"What a queer old lady!" thought Polly; but she said "Yes'm," respectfully, and looked at the fire.

"You don't understand what I mean, do you?" asked Madam, still holding her by the chin.

"No'm; not quite."

"Well, dear, I'll tell you. In my day, children of fourteen and fifteen didn't dress in the height of the fashion, go to parties as nearly like those of grown

people as it's possible to make them, and lead idle, giddy, unhealthy lives. We were little folks till eighteen or so; worked and studied, dressed and played, like children; honored our parents; and our days were much longer in the land than now, it seems to me."

The old lady appeared to forget Polly, at the end of her speech; for she sat patting the plump little hand that lay in her own, and looking up at a faded picture of an old gentleman with a ruffled shirt and a queue. "Was he your father, Madam?"

"Yes, my dear, my honored father. I did up his frills to the day of his death; and the first money I ever earned was five dollars which he offered as a prize to whichever of his six girls would lay the handsomest darn in his silk stockings."

"How proud you must have been!" cried Polly, leaning on the old lady's knee with an interested face.

"Yes; and we all learned to make bread, and cook, and wore little chintz gowns, and were as gay and hearty as kittens. All lived to be grandmothers; and I'm the last — seventy next birthday, my dear, and not worn out yet, though daughter Shaw is an invalid at forty."

"That's the way I was brought up, and that's why Fan calls me old-fashioned, I suppose. Tell more about your papa, please; I like it," said Polly.

"Say 'father.' We never called him 'papa,' and if one of my brothers had addressed him as 'governor,' as boys now do, I really think he would have cut him off with a shilling." — *Adapted from* "An Old-fashioned Girl."

DEFINITIONS. — Im pō̤'ing, *having the power of exciting attention and feeling, impressive.* Măg'pie, *a noisy, mischievous bird, common in Europe and America.* Văn'ished, *disappeared.* Cŏn'fi dent ly, *with trust.*

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

By Henry W. Longfellow.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;

He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,— rejoicing, — sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
  Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
  Each burning deed and thought!

DEFINITIONS. — Smĭth'ў, *a blacksmith's shop.* Sĭn'ew ў, *strong, muscular.* Brąwn'ў, *having large, strong muscles.* Slĕdġe, *a heavy hammer used by blacksmiths.* Choir (kwīr), *a band of singers in a church.*

NOTE. — This poem was first published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for November, 1840. It was suggested by a blacksmith's shop which stood beneath a horse-chestnut tree in Cambridge, not far from Mr. Longfellow's home. The tree was cut down in 1876, and from a portion of the wood a chair was afterwards made and presented to the poet.

WILL'S DREAM OF THE WORLD.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

The mill where Will lived with his adopted parents stood in a falling valley between pine woods and great mountains. Above, hill after hill soared upward until they soared out of the depth of the hardiest timber, and stood naked against the sky. Some way up, a long gray village lay like a seam or a rag of vapor on a wooded hillside; and when the wind was favorable, the sound of the church bells would drop down, thin and silvery, to Will. Below, the valley grew ever steeper and steeper, and at the same time widened out on either hand; and from an eminence beside the mill it was possible to see its whole length and away beyond it over a wide plain, where the river turned and shone and moved on from city to city on its voyage toward the sea.

It chanced that over this valley there lay a pass into a neighboring kingdom, so that, quiet and rural as it was, the road that ran along beside the river was a high thoroughfare between two splendid and powerful societies. All through the summer, traveling carriages came crawling up or went plunging briskly downward past the mill; and as it happened that the other side was very much easier of ascent, the path was not much frequented, except by people going in one direction; and of all the carriages that Will saw go by, five sixths were plunging briskly downward and only one sixth crawling up. Much more was this the case with foot passengers. All the light-footed tourists, all the peddlers laden with strange wares, were tending downward like the river that accompanied their path.

Nor was this all; for when Will was yet a child a disastrous war arose over a great part of the world. The newspapers were full of defeats and victories, the earth rang with cavalry hoofs, and often for days together and for miles around the coil of battle terrified good people from their labors in the field. Of all this nothing was heard for a long time in the valley; but at last one of the commanders pushed an army over the pass by forced marches, and for three days horse and foot, cannon and tumbril, drum and standard, kept pouring downward past the mill.

All day the child stood and watched them on their passage — the rhythmical stride, the pale unshaven faces tanned about the eyes, the tattered flags, filled him with a sense of weariness, pity, and wonder; and all night long, after he was in bed, he could hear the cannon pounding and the feet trampling, and the great armament sweeping onward and downward past the mill.

No one in the valley ever learned the fate of the expedition; but Will saw one thing plainly — that not a man returned. Whither had they all gone? Whither went all the tourists and peddlers with strange wares? whither all the brisk carriages with servants in uniform? whither the water of the stream, ever coursing downward and ever renewed from above? Even the wind blew oftener down the valley, and carried the dead leaves along with it in the fall.

It seemed like a great conspiracy of things animate and inanimate; they all went downward, fleetly and gayly downward, and only he, it seemed, remained behind, like a stock upon the wayside. It sometimes made him glad when he noticed how the fishes kept their heads up

stream. They, at least, stood faithfully by him, while all else were posting downward to the unknown world.

One evening he asked the miller where the river went.

"It goes down the valley," answered he, "and turns ever so many mills, — six-score mills they say, — and it is none the wearier after all. And then it goes out into the lowlands, and waters the great corn country, and runs through many a fine city (so they say), where kings live all alone in great palaces, with a sentry walking up and down before the door. And it goes under bridges with stone men upon them, looking down and smiling at the water, and living folks leaning their elbows on the wall and looking over, too. And then it goes on and on, and down through marshes and sands, until at last it falls into the sea, where the ships are that bring parrots and tobacco from the Indies. Aye, it has a long trot before it, as it goes singing over our weir, bless its heart!"

"And what is the sea?" asked Will.

"The sea!" cried the miller. "Ah, it is the greatest thing that God made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake. There it lies, as flat as my hand and as innocent-like as a child; but they do say when the wind blows, it gets up into water mountains bigger than any of ours, and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill, and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land. There are great fish in it five times bigger than a bull, and one old serpent as long as our river and as old as all the world, with whiskers like a man, and a crown of silver on her head."

Will thought he had never heard anything like this, and he kept on asking question after question about the world

that lay away down the river, with all its perils and marvels, until at last the old miller took him by the hand and led him to the hilltop that overlooks the valley and the plain. The sun was near setting, and hung low down in a cloudless sky. Everything was defined and glorified in golden light.

Will had never seen so great an expanse of country in his life; he stood and gazed with all his eyes. He could see the cities, and the woods and fields, and the bright curves of the river, and far away to where the rim of the plain trenched along the shining heavens.

An overmastering emotion seized upon the boy, soul and body; his heart beat so thickly that he could scarcely breathe; the scene swam before his eyes; the sun seemed to wheel round and round. Will covered his face with his hands, and burst into a violent fit of tears; and the poor miller, sadly disappointed and perplexed, saw nothing better for it than to take him up in his arms and carry him home in silence.

From that day forward Will was full of new hopes and longings. The running water carried his desires along with it as he dreamed over its fleeting surface; the wind, as it ran over innumerable treetops, hailed him with encouraging words; branches beckoned downward; the opening road, as it went turning and vanishing faster and faster down the valley, tortured him with its solicitations. He spent long whiles on the eminence, looking down the river shed and abroad on the flat lowlands, and watched the clouds that traveled forth upon the sluggish wind and trailed their purple shadows on the plain; or he would linger by the wayside, and follow the carriages with his eyes as they rattled downward by the river.

It did not matter what it was; everything that went that way, were it cloud or carriage, bird or brown water in the stream, he felt his heart flow out after it in an ecstasy of longing. The true life, the true bright sunshine, lay far out upon the plain. And oh! to see this sunlight once before he died! to move with a jocund spirit in a golden land! to hear the trained singers and the sweet church bells, and see the holiday gardens! . . .

But the days passed by, and then year after year went into nothing, and Will still abode in his quiet home, dreaming of the great world, but seeing only as much as could be viewed from the top of the hill. And at last when a noble age came upon him, nothing could tempt him from his upland valley. "When I was a boy," he would say, "I was a bit puzzled, and hardly knew whether it was myself or the world that was curious and worth looking into. Now, I know it is myself, and stick to that."

DEFINITIONS. — Vā'por, *cloud, fog.* Rụ'ral, *belonging to the country.* Thō'rough fâre, *a public road.* Tọur'ists, *travelers for pleasure, sight-seers.* Tŭm'brĭl, *a two-wheeled cart used to carry ammunition.* Stănd'ard, *flag.* Rhўth'mĭc ăl, *in regular succession.* Cŏn spĭr'a çy, *a combination for evil purposes.* Ex pănse', *an opening, a wide space.* E mō'tion, *feeling.* In ăn'ĭ māte, *having no life.* Pōst'ing, *going steadily and rapidly forward.* Trāiled, *dragged behind.* Jōc'und, *glad, full of joy.*

EXERCISE. — What is meant by "adopted parents"? What picture is formed in your mind by the brief description of the village, in the third sentence of the first paragraph? What is meant in the third paragraph by "cavalry hoofs"? "the coil of battle"? What picture is formed in your mind by reading the fourth paragraph? What do you think of the miller's description of the sea? Why could not Will when he became an old man be tempted away from the valley?

NOTE. — This selection is abridged from a longer story entitled "Will o' the Mill."

CARCASSONNE.

By Gustave Nadaud.

I'm growing old ; I'm sixty years ;
  I've labored all my life in vain ;
In all that time of hopes and fears
  I've failed my dearest wish to gain :.
I see full well that here below
  Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know ;
  I never have seen Carcassonne,
  I never have seen Carcassonne !

You see the city from the hill —
  It lies beyond the mountain blue ;
And yet to reach it one must still
  Five long and weary leagues pursue ;
And, to return as many more !
  Ah ! had the vintage plenteous grown !
The grape withheld its yellow store,
  I shall not look on Carcassonne,
  I shall not look on Carcassonne !

They tell me every day is there
  Not more nor less than Sunday gay ;
In shining robes and garments fair
  The people walk upon their way ;
One gazes there on castle walls
  As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals !
  I do not know fair Carcassonne,
  I do not know fair Carcassonne !

The curé's right : he says that we
  Are ever wayward, weak, and blind ;
He tells us in his homily
  Ambition ruins all mankind.
Yet, could I there two days have spent,
  While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me ! I might have died content
  When I had looked on Carcassonne,
  When I had looked on Carcassonne !

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
  In this my prayer if I offend ;
One something sees beyond his reach
  From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
  Have traveled even to Narbonne ;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan :
  And I have not seen Carcassonne,
  And I have not seen Carcassonne !

* * * * *

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
  A peasant, double bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I, "with you
  I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
  But (Heaven forgive him) halfway on
The old man died upon the road :
  He never gazed on Carcassonne—
  Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

— *Translated by John R. Thompson from the French.*

DEFINITIONS. — Un ăl loyed′, *pure.* Vĭnt′age, *produce of wine for one season.* Cū re′, a *parson, a curate.* Hŏm′ĭ ly, *sermon.* Crōōned, *murmured.*

FISHING.

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

Our bachelor uncle who lived with us was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his expeditions to Great Hill, Brandy-brow Woods, the Pond, and, best of all, to the Country Brook. We were quite willing to work hard in the corn field or the haying lot to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brookside.

I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows. It was a still, sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier than ever before.

My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, considerately placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last."

I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked at my uncle appealingly.

"Try once more," he said; "we fishermen must have patience."

Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!"

"Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a plash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream, my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

We are apt to speak of the sorrows of childhood as trifles in comparison with those of grown-up people; but we may depend upon it, the young folks don't agree with us. Our griefs, modified and restrained by reason, experience, and self-respect, keep the proprieties, and, if possible, avoid a scene; but the sorrow of childhood, unreasoning and all-absorbing, is a complete abandonment to the passion. The doll's nose is broken, and the world breaks up with it; the marble rolls out of sight, and the solid globe rolls off with the marble.

So, overcome with my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then, either, for it speaks for itself."

How often since I have been reminded of the fish that I did not catch. When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."

DEFINITIONS. — Gē'ni al, *cheerful.* Häunts, *places frequently visited.* Con sĭd'er ate ly, *with due regard to others, kindly thoughtful.* Ap pēal'-ing ly, *as though asking for aid.* Mŏd'i fied, *qualified, lessened.* Pro-prī'e tieş, *fixed customs or rules of conduct.* Ab sôrb'ing, *engaging the attention entirely.* Hăs'sock, *a raised mound of turf.* An tĭç'i pāte, *to take before the proper time.* A chiēve'ment, *performance, deed.*

EXERCISE. — Find Whittier's poem entitled "Snow Bound." Read in it his account of his uncle, beginning with the lines: —

"Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of field and brooks."

THE CORN SONG.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
  Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
  The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
  The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
  Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us, when the storm shall drift
  Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
  Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
  Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
  Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
  The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June,
  Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
  Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
  Its harvest time has come ;
We pluck away the frosted leaves
  And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
  And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
  And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
  Around their costly board ;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
  By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root;
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

DEFINITIONS. — Hōard, *a large quantity of anything laid up.* Lăv'ish, *profuse.* Mēadș, *meadows.* Văp'id, *spiritless, dull.* Săṁp, *bruised corn cooked by boiling.*

NOTES. — This poem is a song included in a longer poem entitled "The Huskers." It is supposed to have been sung at a husking party, "to the quaint tune of some old psalm." The poem was written in 1847, and forms part of the collection called "Songs of Labor and Reform."

The first two lines of the eighth stanza, as originally composed by Mr. Whittier, were as follows: —

"There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old," —

referring to the ancient fable which relates that *Apollo*, the god of music, sowed the isle of Delos, his birthplace, with golden flowers, by the music of his lyre.

In the later editions of his works the poet changed these lines to read as we have them here.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

By Jane Taylor.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; and each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who spoke thus: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was upon the very point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me, — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! you who have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you

would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backward and forward year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened, this morning, to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some one of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being very quick at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue any one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it was no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been seized by this sudden weariness. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion is at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, although you may think of a million of strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial plate, "that we shall all return to our duty immediately; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as if with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

DEFINITIONS. — In'sti tūt ed, *commenced, began.* Pro tĕst'ed, *solemnly declared.* Căl'eu lāt ing, *reckoning, computing.* Prŏs'peet, *anticipation, that to which one looks forward.* Ha răngue'.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

By William Cullen Bryant.

The melancholy days are come,
  The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
  And meadows, brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
  The autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
  And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
  And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow
  Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
  That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
  A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
  The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds
  With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie;
  But the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
  The lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet,
  They perished long ago,

And the brier rose and the orchis died
  Amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill, the golden-rod,
  And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook,
  In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
  As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
  From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
  As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
  From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
  Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
  The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
  Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
  And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one, who in
  Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
  And faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
  When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
  Should have a life so brief;

Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

DEFINITIONS.— Wāil'ing, *lamenting, mourning.* Sēar, *dry, withered.* Glāde, *an open place in the forest.* Glĕn, *a valley, a dale.* Un meet', *improper, unfitting.*

THE THREE HUNDRED SPARTANS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Many hundreds of years ago there ruled over Persia, then the most powerful nation in the world, an ambitious king named Xerxes. He had long desired to conquer Greece and to add that country to his already broad empire, and for that purpose he collected a great army from all parts of his dominions. There were to be seen gathered together men of many nations: Medes and Persians, woolly-haired negroes, and the swarthy natives of India,— nearly two millions of fighting men,— each one armed with his own kind of weapons.

This was the largest army that had ever been brought together; and, in his pride, the king believed that he could easily overcome the few thousand warriors which Greece would be able to muster. But the Greek warriors were all free men, fighting for liberty and their families, while the Persian army was mostly made up of men who had been forced to leave their homes to fight for an Eastern tyrant.

Four years had been spent by Xerxes in making ready for the war. He caused a bridge of boats to be made

over the Hellespont, but the waves dashed it in pieces. He then made a stronger one of ships, and his men began to march across into Europe. The number of soldiers was so great that it was seven days and nights before the entire army could pass over the bridge.

Now there was only one way of entering Greece from the northeast coast, and that was by a narrow pass through the mountains. This pass was called Thermopylæ, because there were some hot springs there; it was about five miles long, but very narrow at each end. Within the pass, and only a little way from the entrance, there was a wall which had been built a long time before, and here the Greeks resolved that they would make a stand and bar the way of the invaders. So they sent a force of about four thousand men, under the command of Leonidas, to hold the pass.

Leonidas was the king of Sparta, one of the most southern of the Greek states, and he had with him three hundred chosen warriors, every one of whom was ready to die for his country. Two of these Spartans, however, Eurytus and Aristodemus, were troubled with a disease in their eyes which nearly destroyed their sight, and they were obliged to leave their posts and retire to Alpenus, a town at the southern end of the pass. The rest of the little army was made up of soldiers from Thebes, Thespia, and other states of Greece.

When Xerxes marched upon Thermopylæ with his great host, he supposed that the Greeks would fly in terror at the sight of him. He sent forward a single horseman to see what they were doing. Now the Spartans wore long hair, which they always kept smooth and carefully parted; and the horseman peering into the

pass, saw them behind the wall, some of them quietly combing their hair, while others were exercising themselves in feats of strength.

There was with Xerxes one Demaratus, a former king of Sparta who had taken refuge at his court; and when the horseman had returned and told the Persians what he had seen, Xerxes asked if it were possible that this handful of men expected to make a stand against his great army. "They certainly mean to fight," answered Demaratus, "for it is the custom among my countrymen always to arrange their hair before going into battle."

But the king would not believe him, and waited four days, hoping that the Spartans would come out of the pass and give themselves up. At length, as they showed no signs of doing so, he sent out a body of troops with orders to capture them and bring them in chains to his feet. But the Spartans, firmly standing at the narrow entrance, and wielding their long spears, drove them back with dreadful slaughter.

Xerxes was seated upon a lofty throne whence he could see the battle, and he now ordered his own body-guard to go forward to the attack. But they also had to give way before the steady courage of the Spartans. The battle lasted all day long, and such was the destruction and slaughter of his finest troops that the king, filled with rage, came down from his throne and returned disappointed to his camp.

Now there was a narrow path over the mountains, known to but a few of the Greeks themselves; and when Leonidas heard of it, he posted some troops on the hills to guard it. A treacherous Greek made the secret known to Xerxes, who at once sent Hydarnes,

the captain of his bodyguard, to follow the guidance of the traitor, and enter the pass at the southern end, so that the Greeks would be hemmed in.

The Persians set out at nightfall, marching as silently as they could; but the night was very still, and the sound of their feet crunching over the dead leaves that strewed the path alarmed the Greeks posted there. Hydarnes paused, for he feared that they might be Spartans; but when the traitor Ephialtes assured him that they were not, he forced his way past them and soon reached in safety the southern side of the mountain.

At daybreak the sentinels on the heights brought word to Leonidas that the secret path had been discovered by the enemy. There was still time for him to retreat, but no true Spartan would think of that; so both he and his three hundred companions resolved to stay at their posts and resist to the last the invaders of their country.

Early in the morning Xerxes once more ordered his troops to advance upon the pass. But Leonidas, now knowing that death was certain, rushed on his foes, overthrowing them as they advanced. Many of the Persians, crowded together, were trampled under foot; yet still more were driven up to the combat by the lashes of their officers. The brave Leonidas was killed, and a desperate fight took place over his body; and there were but very few of the three hundred left alive. The spears of these were broken, and their swords blunted; and yet they fought as bravely as if they had felt confident of victory.

Suddenly the Greeks perceived that Hydarnes, with the king's bodyguard, had entered the pass behind them. The Spartans, retiring behind the wall, drew up on a

little hillock, where they were soon surrounded by their enemies and overwhelmed with showers of javelins, arrows, and stones, till the last of them lay dead.

Meanwhile Eurytus and Aristodemus, lying ill at Alpenus, had heard that the Persians were about to enter the pass, and that Leonidas and his brave band would be surrounded by their foes. Calling for his arms, and grasping his shield and spear, Eurytus told his servant to lead him into the battle. The man obeyed, and the half-blind hero, rushing upon the Persians, fell beneath their javelins.

Aristodemus, thinking it useless to go into the pass where he was sure to be killed, returned to Sparta with tidings of the battle. But his countrymen said that he had been false to his duty, and had forsaken his leader. No one would speak to him, and he lived in miserable solitude until the next year, when there was another battle with the Persians at Platæa. Then, wishing to regain the esteem of his countrymen, the unhappy man fought in the most daring manner, and was killed after having performed some of the bravest deeds. After the battle the Spartans declared that Aristodemus had excelled all others in daring; but believing that he had been moved by desperation rather than by true courage, they would award him no honors, although they no longer called him "The Coward."

EXERCISE. — Where is Persia? Where is Greece? India? What waters are connected by the Hellespont? On the map of Greece find the places that are mentioned.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES. — Persia (*pĕr'shĭa*). Xerxes (*zērk'sēz*). Medes (*meedz*). Hĕl'lĕs pŏnt. Thermopylæ (*thĕr mŏp'ĭ lē*). Dĕm a rā'tus. Hȳ där'nēs. Thē'banz. Eū'ry tus. A rĭs'to dē'mŭs. Al pe'nŭs. Lē ŏn'ĭ das. Thĕs'pĭ anz. Pla tæ'a.

THE DARKER SIDE OF A PICTURE.

It was a sergeant old and gray,
Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake,
Along the turnpike of the village.

For days and nights the winding host
Had through the little place been marching,
And ever aloud the rustics cheered,
Till every throat was hoarse and parching.

The squire and farmer, maid and dame,
All took the sight's electric stirring,
And hats were waved, and staves were sung,
And kerchiefs white were countless whirring.

The sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs,
Where he behind in step was keeping;
But glancing down beside the road,
He saw a little maid sit weeping.

"And how is this?" he gruffly said,
A moment pausing to regard her;
"Why weepest thou, my little chit?"
And then she only cried the harder.

"And how is this, my little chit?"
The sturdy trooper straight repeated,
"When all the village cheers us on,
That thou, in tears, apart art seated?

"We march two hundred thousand strong,
And that's a sight, my baby beauty,
To quicken silence into song
And glorify the soldier's duty."

"It's very, very grand, I know,"
The little maid gave soft replying;
"And father, mother, brother too,
All say 'Hurrah!' while I am crying.

"But think, oh Mr. Soldier, think,
How many little sisters' brothers
Are going all away to fight,
And may be killed, as well as others!"

"Why, bless thee, child!" the sergeant said,
His brawny hands her curls caressing,
"'Tis left for little ones like thee
To find that war's not all a blessing."

And "Bless thee!" once again he cried;
He cleared his throat and looked indignant,
And marched away with wrinkled brow
To stop the struggling tear benignant.

And still the ringing shouts went up
From doorway, thatch, and fields of tillage;
The pall behind the standard seen
By one alone of all the village.

The oak and cedar bend and writhe
When roars the wind through gap and braken;
But 'tis the tenderest reed of all
That trembles first when earth is shaken.

DEFINITIONS. — Pīl'laġe, *robbery.* Tûrn'pīke, *a highroad.* Rŭs'tĭcs, *country people.* Squĭre, *a country gentleman.* Stāveş, *snatches of songs.* Chīt, *little child.* Re ğärd', *look at.* In dĭg'nant, *angry.* Be nĭg'nant, *kind, loving.* Tĭll'aġe, *cultivated land.* Brā'ken, *a brake, a thicket of underwoods.*

A WHALING ADVENTURE.

By Frank T. Bullen.

Through all the vicissitudes of this strange voyage, I had hitherto felt pretty safe, and as the last thing a man anticipates is the possibility of coming to grief himself, while fully prepared to see everybody else go under, so I had come to think that, whoever got killed, I was safe from harm. This kind of feeling is a very pleasant one, and enables a man to face dangers with a light heart, which otherwise would make a nerveless animal of him.

In this optimistic mood, then, I gayly flung myself into my place in the mate's boat one morning, as we were departing in chase of a magnificent cachalot, or sperm whale, that had been discovered just after breakfast. There were no other vessels in sight, — much to our satisfaction, — the wind was light, with a cloudless sky, and the whale was dead to leeward of us. We sped along at a good rate toward our prospective victim, who was, in his leisurely enjoyment of life, calmly lolling on the surface, occasionally lifting his enormous tail out of water and letting it fall flat upon the surface with a boom audible for miles.

We were, as usual, first boat; but, much to our mate's annoyance, when we were a short half mile from the whale, our mainsheet parted. It became immediately necessary to roll the sail up, lest its flapping should alarm the watchful monster, and this delayed us sufficiently to allow the other boats to shoot ahead of us. Thus, the second mate got fast some seconds before we arrived on the scene, and seeing this we furled sail, unshipped the mast, and went in on him with oars only.

At first the proceedings were quite of the usual character, our chief wielding his lance in most brilliant fashion, while not being fast to the animal allowed us much greater freedom in our evolutions; but that fatal habit of the mate's — of allowing his boat to take care of herself so long as he was getting in some good home thrusts — once more asserted itself. Although the whale was exceedingly vigorous, churning the sea into yeasty foam over an enormous area, there we wallowed close to him, right in the middle of the turmoil, actually courting disaster.

He had just settled down for a moment when, glancing over the gunwale, I saw his tail, like a vast shadow, sweeping away from us toward the second mate, who was lying off the other side of him. Before I had time to think, the mighty mass of gristle leaped into the sunshine, curved back from us like a huge bow. Then with a roar it came at us, released from its tension. Full on the broadside it struck us, sending every soul but me flying out of the wreckage as if fired from catapults. I did not go because my foot was jammed somehow in the well of the boat, but the wrench nearly pulled my thigh bone out of its socket.

I had hardly released my foot, when, towering above me, came the colossal head of the great creature, as he plowed through the bundle of débris that had just been a boat. There was an appalling roar of water in my ears, and darkness that might be felt all around. Yet, in the midst of it all, one thought predominated as clearly as if I had been turning it over in my mind in the quiet of my bunk aboard. "What if he should swallow me?" Nor to this day can I understand how I escaped the portals of his gullet, which of course gaped wide as a church door. But

the agony of holding my breath soon overpowered every other feeling and thought, till just as something was going to snap inside my head, I rose to the surface. I was surrounded by a welter of bloody froth, which made it impossible for me to see; but oh, the air was sweet!

I struck out blindly, instinctively, although I could feel so strong an eddy that voluntary progress was out of the question. My hand touched and clung to a rope, which immediately towed me in some direction — I neither knew nor cared whither. Soon the motion ceased, and, with a seaman's instinct, I began to haul myself along by the rope I grasped, although no definite idea was in my mind as to where it was attached. Presently I came square up against something solid, the feel of which gathered all my scattered wits into one thought of dread. It was the whale! "Any port in a storm," I murmured, beginning to haul away again on my friendly line.

By dint of hard work I pulled myself right up the sloping, slippery bank of blubber, until I reached the iron, which, as luck would have it, was planted in that side of the carcass now uppermost. Carcass I said — well, certainly I had no idea of there being any life remaining within the vast mass beneath me; yet I had hardly time to take a couple of turns round myself with the rope (or whale line, as I had proved it to be), when I felt the great animal quiver all over, and begin to forge ahead. I was now composed enough to remember that help could not be far away, and that my rescue, providing that I could keep above water, was but a question of a few minutes.

But I was hardly prepared for the whale's next move. His death being near at hand, the boats had drawn off a

bit, and I could see nothing of them. Then I remembered the death struggles of the whale. Almost at the same moment they began; and there was I, who with fearful admiration had so often watched the titanic convulsions of a dying cachalot, actually involved in them. The turns were off my body, but I was able to twist a couple of turns round my arms, which, in case of his sounding, I could readily let go.

Then all was lost in roar and rush, as of the heart of some mighty cataract, during which I was sometimes above, sometimes beneath, the water, but always clinging, with every ounce of energy still left, to the line. Now one thought was uppermost — "What if he should breach?" I had seen them do so when in the last struggles, leaping full twenty feet in the air. Then I prayed.

Quickly as all the preceding changes had passed came perfect peace. There I lay, still alive, but so weak that although I could feel the turns slipping off my arms, and knew that I should slide off the slope of the whale's side into the sea if they did, I could make no effort to secure myself. Everything then passed away from me, just as if I had gone to sleep.

I do not at all understand how I kept my position, nor how long, but I awoke to the blessed sound of voices, and saw the second mate's boat alongside. Very gently and tenderly they lifted me into the boat, although I could hardly help screaming with agony when they touched me, so bruised and broken up did I feel. My arms must have been nearly torn from their sockets, for the strands of the whale line had cut deep into their flesh with the strain upon it, while my thigh was swollen enormously from the blow I received at the onset.

Mr. Cruce was the most surprised man I ever saw. For full ten minutes he stared at me with wide-open eyes. When at last he spoke, it was with difficulty, as if wanting words to express his astonishment. Then, in his broad sailor's brogue, he blurted out: "Where have you been all the time, anyhow? 'Cause if you've been hanging on that whale ever since your boat was smashed, why aren't you all to bits, hey?" I smiled feebly, but was too weak to talk, and presently went off again into a dead faint.

When I recovered, I was snug in my bunk aboard, but aching in every joint, and as sore as if I had been pounded with a club until I was bruised all over. During the day the first mate was kind enough to pay me a visit. With his usual luck, he had escaped without the slightest injury; neither was any other member of the boat's crew the worse for the ducking but myself. He told me that the whale was one of the largest he had ever seen, and as fat as butter. The boat was an entire loss, so completely smashed to pieces that nothing of her or her gear had been recovered.

When my poor, weary shipmates came below from their heavy toil of cutting in, they were almost inclined to be envious of my comfort — small blame to them — though I would gladly have taken my place among them again could I have got rid of my hurts. But I was condemned to lie there for nearly three weeks before I was able to get about once more.

At last I managed to get on deck, quite a different-looking man from what I was when I went below, and feeling about ten years older. I found the same sullen quiet reigning that I had noticed several times before

when we had been unfortunate, and was told that although three whales had been taken, all were small and comparatively worthless.

DEFINITIONS. — Ví cĭs'sĭ tūdeṣ, *changing events.* An tĭç'ĭ pātes, *looks forward to.* Op' tĭ mĭs' tĭc, *inclined to look at the bright side of things.* Căch'a lŏt, *a sperm whale.* Lŏll'ing, *lying quietly.* Ạu'dĭ ble, *that can be heard.* Ev o lū'tions, *movements.* Căt'a pults, *engines of war, used for throwing stones.* Pŏr'tals, *gates, passageways.* Gŭl'let, *throat.* Dé'bris (dā brē'), *materials from a wreck.* Tī tăn'ic, *gigantic.*

NOTE. — This extract is from "The Cruise of the Cachalot," one of the most interesting of all books on whaling.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

BY WILLIAM DIMOND.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay ;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind ;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;
While Memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted the thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall ;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of a boy in a love kiss unite
With the lips of a maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses, — all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest, —
"O God! thou hast blest me, — I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound that now 'larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock, — he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost work of bliss!
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright, —
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On a bed of green sea flowers thy limbs shall be laid, —
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye;
O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

DEFINITIONS. — Hăm'mock, *a hanging or swinging bed, usually made of netting or hempen cloth.* Trăns'pōrt, *ecstasy, rapture.* Im pēarled' (*pro.* im pērled'), *decorated with pearls, or with things resembling pearls.* 'Lăr'umṣ (*an abbreviation of* alarums, *for* alarms), *affrights, terrifies.* Dīrge, *funeral music.*

A CHASE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The ship which the American frigate had now to oppose was a vessel of near her own size and equipage; and when Griffith looked at her again, he perceived that she had made her preparations to assert her equality in manful fight.

Her sails had been gradually reduced to the usual quantity, and, by certain movements on her decks, the lieutenant and his constant attendant, the Pilot, well understood that she only wanted to lessen the distance a few hundred yards to begin the action.

"Now spread everything," whispered the stranger.

Griffith applied the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted, in a voice that was carried even to his enemy, "Let fall —out with your booms — sheet home — hoist away of everything!"

The inspiring cry was answered by a universal bustle. Fifty men flew out on the dizzy heights of the different spars, while broad sheets of canvas rose as suddenly along the masts as if some mighty bird were spreading its wings. The Englishman instantly perceived his mistake, and he answered the artifice by a roar of artillery. Griffith watched the effects of the broadside with an absorbing interest as the shot whistled above his head; but when he perceived his masts untouched, and the few unimportant ropes only that were cut, he replied to the uproar with a burst of pleasure.

A few men were, however, seen clinging with wild frenzy to the cordage, dropping from rope to rope, like wounded birds fluttering through a tree, until they fell heavily into the ocean, the sullen ship sweeping by them in a cold indifference. At the next instant, the spars and masts of their enemy exhibited a display of men similar to their own, when Griffith again placed the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted aloud, "Give it to them; drive them from their yards, boys; scatter them with your grape; unreeve their rigging!"

The crew of the American wanted but little encouragement to enter on this experiment with hearty good will, and the close of his cheering words was uttered amid the deafening roar of his own cannon. The Pilot had, however, mistaken the skill and readiness of their foe; for, notwithstanding the disadvantageous circum-

stances under which the Englishman increased his sail, the duty was steadily and dexterously performed.

The two ships were now running rapidly on parallel lines, hurling at each other their instruments of destruction with furious industry, and with severe and certain loss to both, though with no manifest advantage in favor of either.

Both Griffith and the Pilot witnessed, with deep concern, this unexpected defeat of their hopes; for they could not conceal from themselves that each moment lessened their velocity through the water, as the shot of the enemy stripped the canvas from the yards, or dashed aside the lighter spars in their terrible progress.

"We find our equal here," said Griffith to the stranger. "The ninety is heaving up again like a mountain; and if we continue to shorten sail at this rate, she will soon be down upon us!"

"You say true, sir," returned the Pilot, musing, "the man shows judgment as well as spirit; but—"

He was interrupted by Merry, who rushed from the forward part of the vessel, his whole face betokening the eagerness of his spirit and the importance of his intelligence.

"The breakers!" he cried, when nigh enough to be heard amid the din; "we are running dead on a ripple, and the sea is white not two hundred yards ahead."

The Pilot jumped on a gun, and, bending to catch a glimpse through the smoke, he shouted, in those clear, piercing tones, that could be even heard among the roaring of the cannon: —

"Port, port your helm! we are on the Devil's Grip! Pass up the trumpet, sir; port your helm, fellow! give it to them, boys — give it to the proud English dogs!"

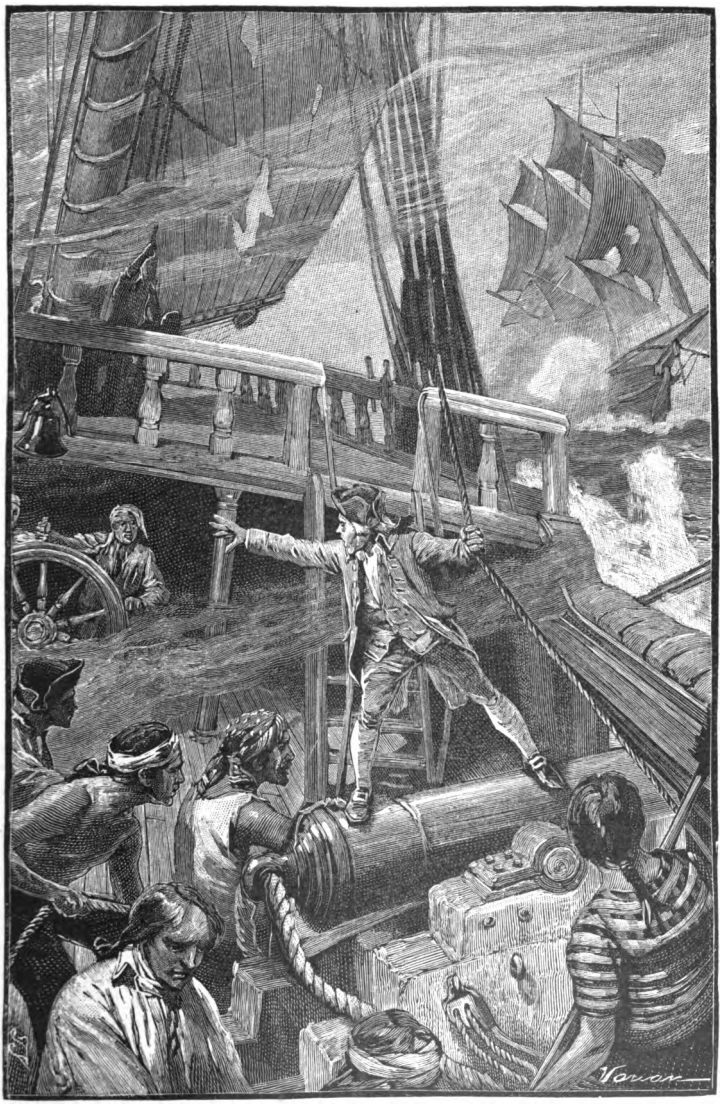
Griffith unhesitatingly relinquished the symbol of his rank, fastening his own firm look on the calm but quick eye of the Pilot, and gathering assurance from the high confidence he read in the countenance of the stranger. The seamen were too busy with their cannon and the rigging to regard the new danger; and the frigate entered one of the dangerous passes of the shoals, in the heat of a severely contested battle.

The wondering looks of a few of the older sailors glanced at the sheets of foam that flew by them, in doubt whether the wild gambols of the waves were occasioned by the shot of the enemy, when suddenly the noise of cannon was succeeded by the sullen wash of the disturbed element, and presently the vessel glided out of her smoky shroud, and was boldly steering in the center of the narrow passages.

For ten breathless minutes longer the Pilot continued to hold an uninterrupted sway, during which the vessel ran swiftly by ripples and breakers, by streaks of foam and darker passages of deep water, when he threw down his trumpet and exclaimed: —

"What threatened to be our destruction has proved our salvation. Keep yonder hill crowned with wood one point open from the church tower at its base, and steer east and by north; you will run through these shoals on that course in an hour, and by so doing you will gain five leagues of your enemy, who will have to double their trail."

Every officer in the ship, after the breathless suspense of uncertainty had passed, rushed to those places where a view might be taken of their enemies. The ninety was still steering boldly onward, and had already approached



"'Port, port your helm!'"

the two-and-thirty, which lay a helpless wreck, rolling on the unruly seas that were rudely tossing her on their wanton billows. The frigate last engaged was running along the edge of the ripple, with her torn sails flying loosely in the air, her ragged spars tottering in the breeze, and everything above her hull exhibiting the confusion of a sudden and unlooked-for check to her progress.

The exulting taunts and mirthful congratulations of the seamen, as they gazed at the English ships, were, however, soon forgotten in the attention that was required to their own vessel. The drums beat the retreat, the guns were lashed, the wounded again removed, and every individual able to keep the deck was required to lend his assistance in repairing the damages to the frigate and securing her masts.

The promised hour carried the ship safely through all the dangers, which were much lessened by daylight; and by the time the sun had begun to fall over the land, Griffith, who had not quitted the deck during the day, beheld his vessel once more cleared of the confusion of the chase and battle, and ready to meet another foe.

DEFINITIONS. — Frĭg'ate, *a war vessel, usually carrying from twenty-eight to forty-four guns, arranged in two tiers on each side.* Eq'ui page (*pro.* ĕk'wĭ pĕj), *furniture, fitting out.* Ar'ti fiçe, *skillful contrivance, trick.* Broad'side, *a discharge of all the guns on one side of a ship, above and below, at the same time.* Măn'i fest, *visible to the eye, apparent.* As sūr'ançe (*pro.* ash-shur'ançe), *full confidence, courage.* Swāy, *control, rule.*

NOTES. — This story is extracted from "The Pilot," a famous romance of the sea and of naval warfare during the Revolution, written by James Fenimore Cooper in 1823.

The Pilot, who appears under disguise, is John Paul Jones, a celebrated American naval officer during the Revolution.

The Devil's Grip, is a dangerous reef in the English Channel.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

By Henry Van Dyke.

Do you remember, father, —
  It seems so long ago, —
The day we fished together
  Along the Pocono?
At dusk I waited for you,
  Beside the lumber mill,
And there I heard a hidden bird
  That chanted "whip-poor-will."

The place was all deserted;
  The mill wheel hung at rest;
The lonely star of evening
  Was quivering in the west;
The veil of night was falling;
  The winds were folded still;
And everywhere the trembling air
  Reëchoed "whip-poor-will."

You seemed so long in coming,
  I felt so much alone;
The wide dark world was round me,
  And life was all unknown;
The hand of sorrow touched me,
  And made my senses thrill
With all the pain that haunts the strain
  Of mournful "whip-poor-will."

What did I know of trouble?
  An idle little lad,

I had not learned the lessons
That make men wise and sad.
I dreamed of grief and parting,
And something seemed to fill
My heart with tears, while in my ears
Resounded "whip-poor-will."

'Twas but a shadowy sadness,
That lightly passed away;
But I have known the substance
Of sorrow since that day.
For nevermore at twilight,
Beside the silent mill,
I'll wait for you in the falling dew,
And hear the whip-poor-will.

But if you still remember,
In that fair land of light,
The pains and fears that touch us
Along this edge of night,
I think all earthly grieving,
And all our mortal ill,
To you must seem like a boy's sad dream,
Who hears the whip-poor-will.

— *From* "The Builders and Other Poems," *by permission. Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

DEFINITIONS. — Whĭp'-pōōr-wĭll, *an American bird seldom seen except in the twilight; so called from the peculiar notes which it utters in the evening.* Pō'eō nō, *a creek in Pennsylvania.* De ṣĕrt'ed, *left alone.* Hạunts, *persists in staying with.* Re ṣound'ed, *sounded again.* Shăd'-ow y̆, *not having much substance.* Twĭ'light, *the time between sunset and darkness or between darkness and sunrise.* Môr'tal, *belonging to the present life.*

A BALLOON ASCENSION.

By Willis Gaylord Clark.

My hour had now come and I entered the car. With a singular taste, the band struck up, at this moment, the melting air of "Sweet Home." It almost overcame me. A thousand associations of youth, friends, of all that I must leave, rushed upon my mind. But I had no leisure for sentiment. A buzz ran through the assemblage; unnumbered hands were clapping, unnumbered hearts beating high; and *I* was the cause. Every eye was upon me. There was pride in the thought.

"Let go" was the word. The cheers redoubled, handkerchiefs waved from many a fair hand; bright faces beamed from every window and on every side. One dash with my knife, and I rose aloft, a habitant of air. How magnificent was the sight which now burst upon me! How sublime were my sensations! I waved the flag of my country; the cheers of the multitude from a thousand housetops reached me on the breeze; and a taste of the rarer atmosphere elevated my spirits into ecstasy.

The city, with a brilliant sunshine striking the spires and domes, now unfolded to view a sight incomparably beautiful. My gondola went easily upward, cleaving the depths of heaven like a vital thing. A diagram placed before you, on the table, could not permit you to trace more definitely than I now could the streets, the highways, basins, wharves, and squares of the town. The hum of the city arose to my ear, as from a vast beehive; and I seemed the monarch bee, directing the swarm.

I heard the rattling of carriages, the hearty "yo-heave-ohs!" of sailors from the docks that, begirt with spars,

hemmed the city round. I was a spectator of all, yet aloof and alone. Increasing stillness attended my way; and, at last, the murmurs of earth came to my ear like the vast vibrations of a bell. My car tilted and trembled, as I rose. A swift wind sometimes gave the balloon a rotary motion, which made me deathly sick for a moment; but strong emotion conquered all my physical ailings.

My brain ached with the intensity of my rapture. Human sounds had fainted from my ear. I was in the abyss of heaven and *alone* with my God. I could tell my direction by the sun on my left; and, as his rays played on the aerostat, it seemed only a bright bubble wavering in the sky, and I, a suspended mote, hung by chance to its train. Looking below me, the distant Sound and Long Island appeared to the east; the bay lay to the south, sprinkled with shipping; under me, the city girded with bright rivers and sparry forests.

The free wind was on my cheek and in my locks; afar, the ocean rolled its long, blue waves, checkered with masses of shadow and gushes of ruby sunlight; to the north and west, the interminable land, variegated like a map, dotted with purple and green and silver, faded to the eye. The atmosphere which I now breathed seemed to dilate my heart at every breath. I uttered some audible expressions. My voice was weaker than the faintest sound of a reed. There was no object near to make it reverberate or echo.

My barometer now denoted an immense height; and as I looked upward and around, the concave above seemed like a mighty waste of purple air, verging to blackness. Below, it was lighter; but a long, lurid bar of cloud stretched along the west, temporarily excluding the sun.

The shadows rushed afar into the void, and a solemn, Sabbath twilight reigned around.

I was now startled by a fluttering in my gondola. It was my carrier pigeon. I had forgotten him entirely. I attached a string to his neck, with a label, announcing my height, then nearly four miles, and the state of the barometer.

As he sat on the side of the car, and turned his tender eyes upon me in mute supplication, every feather shivering with apprehension, I felt that it was a guilty act to push him into the waste beneath. But it was done; he attempted to rise, but I outsped him; he then fell obliquely, fluttering and moaning, till I lost him in the haze. My greatest altitude had not yet been reached. I was now five miles from *terra firma*. I began to breathe with difficulty. The atmosphere was too rare for safe respiration.

I pulled my valve cord to descend. It refused to obey my hand. For a moment I was horror-struck. What was to be done? If I ascended much higher, the balloon would explode. I threw over some tissue paper to test my progress. It is well known that this will *rise* very swiftly. It *fell*, as if blown downward by a wind from the zenith. I was going upward like an arrow. I attempted to pray, but my parched lips could not move. I seized the cord again, with desperate energy. Blessed heaven! it moved.

I threw out more tissue. It rose to me like a wing of joy. I was descending. Though far from sunset, it was now dark about me, except a track of blood-red haze in the direction of the sun. I encountered a strong current of wind; mist was about me; it lay like dew upon my

coat. At last, a thick bar of vapor being past, what a scene was disclosed! A storm was sweeping through the sky, nearly a mile beneath; and I looked down upon an ocean of rainbows, rolling in indescribable grandeur, to the music of the thunder peal, as it moaned afar and near, on the coming and dying wind.

A frightened eagle had ascended through the tempest and sailed for minutes by my side, looking at me with panting weariness and quivering mandibles, but with a dilated eye, whose keen iris flashed unsubdued. Proud emblem of my country! As he fanned me with his heavy wing, and looked with a human intelligence at the car, my pulse bounded with exulting rapture. Like the genius of my native land, he had risen above every storm, unfettered and FREE.

But my transports were soon at an end. He attempted to light on the balloon, and my heart sank; I feared his huge claws would tear the silk. I pulled my cord; he rose, as I sank, and the blast swept him from my view in a moment. A flock of wild fowl, beat by the storm, were coursing below, on bewildered pinions; and, as I was nearing them, I knew I was descending. A breaking rift now admitted the sun. The rainbows tossed and gleamed; chains of fleecy rack, shining in prismatic rays of gold and purple and emerald, "beautiful exceedingly," spread on every hand.

Vast curtains of clouds pavilioned the immensity brighter than celestial roses; masses of mist were lifted on high, like strips of living fire, more radiant than the sun himself, when his glorious noontide culminates from the equator. A kind of aerial Euroclydon now smote my car, and three of the cords parted, which tilted my gondola

to the side, filling me with terror. I caught the broken cords in my hand, but could not tie them.

The storm below was now rapidly passing away, and beneath its waving outline, to the southeast, I saw the ocean. Ships were speeding on their course, and their bright sails melting into distance; a rainbow hung afar; and the rolling anthems of the Atlantic came like celestial hymnings to my ear. Presently all was clear below me. The fresh air played around. I had taken a noble circuit; and my last view was better than the first. I was far over the bay, "a-floating sweetly to the west." The city, colored by the last blaze of day, brightened remotely to the view.

Below, the far country lay smiling like an Eden. Bright rivers ran like ribbons of gold and silver, till they were lost in the vast inland, stretching beyond the view; the gilded mountains were flinging their purple shadows over many a vale; bays were blushing to the farewell day beams; and now I was passing over a green island. I sailed to the mainland; saw the tall, old trees waving to the evening breeze; heard the rural lowing of herds and the welcome sound of human voices; and, after sweeping over forest tops and embowered villages, at last descended with the sun, among a kind-hearted, surprised, and hospitable community, in as pretty a town as one could desire to see, "safe and well."

DEFINITIONS. — As sĕm'blaġe, *company.* In cŏm'par a blȳ, *not to be compared with anything else.* Gŏn'do lá, *a kind of boat used in Venice; the word here means the car or basket attached to the balloon.* A'ĕr ō stăt, *a balloon.* Ba rŏm'e ter, *an instrument for measuring the pressure of air.* Eū rŏc'lȳ don, *a tempestuous northwest wind which blows on the Mediterranean.* E'den, *the garden of Paradise.*

RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

By Coates Kinney.

When the humid shadows gather
  Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
  Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
  Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
  Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand lively fancies
  Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
  Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
  Of the rain upon the roof.

There, in fancy, comes my mother,
  As she did in years agone,
To survey the infant sleepers
  Ere she left them till the dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me,
  As I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles
  By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
  With her wings and waving hair,

And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
A serene angelic pair,
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There is naught in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

DEFINITIONS. — Hū'mĭd, *moist, damp.* Sphēreş, *globes.* Wōōf, *a woven fabric.* A gŏne', *long past.* Sĕr'aph, *angel.* Chĕr'ub, *angel.* Se rēne', *bright.* Bra vū'raş, *music written for effect.*

A STORY OF CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

Among the great men of Virginia, John Marshall will always be remembered with honor and esteem. He was the son of a poor man, and his early life was spent in poverty; but he was not afraid of labor, and everybody saw that he was a person of more than common ability. Little by little he rose to distinction, and there was scarcely any public office in the gift of the people that he might not have had for the asking. He served in the legislature of Virginia;

he was sent as envoy to France; he was made Secretary of State; and finally he became Chief Justice of the United States. The greatest judges looked up to him and listened to what he said, as if that decided everything. When he died at the age of eighty, he was one of the greatest and most famous men in America.

My father knew him well and loved him, and told me many things about him. He was very tall and thin, and dressed very plainly. He wore a suit of plain black cloth and common yarn stockings, which fitted tightly to his legs and showed how thin they were. He was a very great walker, and would often walk out to his farm which was several miles from Richmond. But sometimes he went on horseback, and once he was met riding out with a bag of clover seed on the saddle before him.

His manners were plain and simple, and he liked to talk about everyday matters with plain country people, and laugh and jest with them. He never seemed to remember that he was a great man at all, and he often played quoits and other games with his coat off, as full of fun as a boy, and ready to laugh with everybody. In a word, he was so great a man that he never thought of appearing greater than other people, but was always the same unpretending John Marshall.

It was a fashion among the gentlemen of Richmond to walk to market early in the morning and buy fresh meats and vegetables for their family dinners. This was a good old fashion, and some famous gentlemen continued to do so to the end of their lives. It was the habit of Judge Marshall, and very often he took no servant with him. He would buy what he wanted and return home, carrying his purchases on his arm; and on

one of these occasions a little incident occurred which is well worth telling and remembering.

Judge Marshall had made his purchases at the market and was just starting for home when he heard some one using very rough and unbecoming language. He turned round and saw what was the cause of the hubbub. A finely dressed young man, who seemed to be a stranger, had just bought a turkey in the market, and finding that it would not be carried home for him became very angry.

Judge Marshall listened a moment to his ungentlemanly talk, and then stepping up to him asked, very kindly, "Where do you live, sir?"

The young man looked at the plainly dressed old countryman, as he supposed him to be, and then named the street and number where he lived.

"I happen to be going that way," said Judge Marshall, with a smile, "and I will take it for you."

The young man handed him the turkey and left the market, followed by Judge Marshall. When they reached the young man's home, Marshall politely handed him the turkey and turned to go.

"What shall I pay you?" asked the young man.

"Oh, nothing," answered Marshall; "you are welcome. It was on my way, and no trouble at all." He bowed and walked away, while the young man looked after him, beginning now to see that he had made a mistake.

"Who is that polite old gentleman who carried my turkey for me?" he asked of a friend who was passing.

"That is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States," was the answer.

The young man was astounded and ashamed. "But why did he offer to carry my turkey?" he exclaimed.

"To give you a reprimand and teach you to attend to your own business and behave like a gentleman."

This little anecdote will show you the character of John Marshall; and I cannot believe that it was his wish merely to reprimand the foolish young man. He was too sweet-tempered and kind to take pleasure in reprimanding any one; and I have no doubt that he carried the turkey simply from the wish to be obliging.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

By Alfred Tennyson.

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE.

By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

I.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

The town-crier has rung his bell at a distant corner, and little Annie stands on her father's doorstep, trying to hear what the man with the loud voice is talking about.

Let me listen, too. Oh! he is telling the people that an elephant, and a lion, and a royal tiger, and a horse with horns, and other strange beasts from foreign countries, have come to town, and will receive all visitors who choose to wait upon them. Perhaps little Annie would like to go.

Yes; and I can see that the pretty child is weary of this wide and pleasant street, with the green trees flinging their shade across the quiet sunshine, and the sidewalks all as clean as if the housemaid had just swept them with her broom. She feels that impulse to go strolling away — that longing after the mystery of the great world — which many children feel, and which I felt in my childhood.

Little Annie shall take a ramble with me. See! I do but hold out my hand, and like some bright bird in sunny air she comes bounding on tiptoe, across the street.

Smooth back your brown curls, Annie, and let me tie on your bonnet, and we will set forth. What a strange couple to go on their rambles together! One walks in black attire, with a measured step and a heavy brow, and his thoughtful eyes bent down; while the gay little girl trips lightly along, as if she were forced to keep hold of my hand lest her feet should dance away from the earth.

Yet there is sympathy between us. If I pride myself on anything, it is because I have a smile that children love; and on the other hand, there are few grown ladies that could entice me from the side of little Annie; for I delight to let my mind go hand in hand with the mind of a sinless child. So come, Annie; but if I moralize as we go, do not listen to me; only look about you and be merry!

Now we turn the corner. Here are hacks with two horses, and stagecoaches with four, thundering to meet each other, and trucks and carts moving at a slower pace, being heavily laden with barrels from the wharves; and here are rattling gigs, which perhaps will be smashed to pieces before our eyes. Hitherward, also, comes a man trundling a wheelbarrow along the pavement. Is not little Annie afraid of such a tumult? No; she does not even shrink closer to my side, but passes on with fearless confidence, a happy child amidst a great throng of grown people who pay the same reverence to her infancy that they would to extreme old age.

Nobody jostles her; all turn aside to make way for little Annie; and what is most singular, she appears conscious of her claim to such respect. Now her eyes brighten with pleasure. A street musician has seated himself on the steps of yonder church, and pours forth his strains to the busy town,—a melody that has gone astray among the tramp of footsteps, the buzz of voices, and the war of passing wheels. Who heeds the poor organ grinder? None but myself and little Annie, whose feet begin to move in unison with the lively tune, as if she were loath that music should be wasted without a dance.

But where would Annie find a partner? Some have the gout in their toes or the rheumatism in their joints; some are stiff with age; some feeble with disease; some are so lean that their bones would rattle, and others of such ponderous size that their agility would crack the flagstones; but many, many have leaden feet because their hearts are far heavier than lead. It is a sad thought that I have chanced upon. What a company of dancers should we be! For I, too, am a gentleman of sober footsteps, and therefore, little Annie, let us walk sedately on.

It is a question with me whether this giddy child or my sage self have most pleasure in looking at the shop windows. We love the silks of sunny hue that glow within the darkened premises of the spruce dry-goods men; we are pleasantly dazzled by the burnished silver and the chased gold, the rings of wedlock and the costly love ornaments, glistening at the window of the jeweler; but Annie, more than I, seeks for a glimpse of her passing figure in the dusty looking-glasses at the hardware stores. All that is bright and gay attracts us both.

Here is a shop to which the recollections of my boyhood, as well as present partialities, give a peculiar magic. How delightful to let the fancy revel on the dainties of a confectioner; those pies with such white and flaky paste, their contents being a mystery, whether rich mince, with whole plums intermixed, or piquant apple, delicately rose-flavored; those cakes, heart-shaped or round, piled in a lofty pyramid; those sweet little circlets, sweetly named kisses; those dark, majestic masses, fit to be bridal loaves at the wedding of an heiress, mountains in size, their summits deeply snow-covered with sugar! Then the mighty

treasures of sugar plums, white and crimson and yellow, in large glass vases; and candy of all varieties; and those little cockles, or whatever they are called, much prized by children for their sweetness, and more for the mottoes which they inclose by love-sick maids and bachelors!

Oh! my mouth waters, little Annie, and so doth yours; but we will not be tempted except to an imaginary feast; so let us hasten onward, devouring the vision of a plum cake.

Here are pleasures, as some people would say, of a more exalted kind, in the window of a bookseller. Is Annie a literary lady? Yes; she is deeply read in Peter Parley's tomes, and has an increasing love for fairy tales, though seldom met with nowadays, and she will subscribe, next year, to the *Juvenile Miscellany*. But, truth to tell, she is apt to turn away from a printed page and keep gazing at the pretty pictures, such as the gay-colored ones which make this shop window the continual loitering place of children. What would Annie think if, in the book which I mean to send her on New Year's Day, she should find her sweet little self bound up in silk or morocco with gilt edges, there to remain till she become a woman grown, with children of her own to read about their mother's childhood! That would be very queer.

II.

Little Annie is weary of pictures and pulls me onward by the hand, till suddenly we pause at the most wondrous shop in all the town. Oh, my stars! Is this a toy shop, or is it fairyland? For here are gilded chariots in which the king and queen of the fairies might ride side by side, while their courtiers, on these small horses, should gallop

in triumphal procession before and behind the royal pair. Here, too, are dishes of chinaware fit to be the dining set of those same princely personages when they make a regal banquet in the stateliest hall of their palace, full five feet high, and behold their nobles feasting adown the long perspective of the table. Betwixt the king and queen should sit my little Annie, the prettiest fairy of them all.

Here stands a turbaned Turk, threatening us with his saber, like an ugly heathen as he is. And next a Chinese mandarin, who nods his head at Annie and myself. Here we may review a whole army of horse and foot, in red and blue uniforms, with drums, fifes, trumpets, and all kinds of noiseless music; they have halted on the shelf of this window after their weary march from Lilliput.

But what cares Annie for soldiers? No conquering queen is she, neither a Semiramis nor a Catharine; her whole heart is set upon that doll who gazes at us with such a fashionable stare. This is the little girl's true plaything. Though made of wood, a doll is a visionary and ethereal personage, endowed by childish fancy with a peculiar life; the mimic lady is a heroine of romance, an actor and a sufferer in a thousand shadowy scenes, the chief inhabitant of that wild world with which children ape the real one.

Little Annie does not understand what I am saying, but looks wishfully at the proud lady in the window. We will invite her home with us as we return. Meantime, good-by, Dame Doll! A toy yourself, you look forth from your window upon many ladies that are also toys, though they walk and speak, and upon a crowd in pursuit of toys, though they wear grave visages. Oh, had you but an intellect to moralize on all that flits

before you, what a wise doll you would be! Come, little Annie, we shall find toys enough, go where we may.

III.

Now we elbow our way among the throng again. It is curious, in the most crowded part of a town, to meet with living creatures that had their birthplace in some far solitude, but have acquired a second nature in the wilderness of men. Look up, Annie, at that canary bird hanging out of the window in his cage. Poor little fellow! His golden feathers are all tarnished in this smoky sunshine; he would have glistened twice as brightly among the summer islands; but still he has become a citizen in all his tastes and habits, and would not sing half so well without the uproar that drowns his music. What a pity that he does not know how miserable he is!

There is a parrot, too, calling out, "Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!" as we pass by. Foolish bird, to be talking about her prettiness to strangers, especially as she is not a pretty Poll, though gaudily dressed in green and yellow. If she had said "pretty Annie," there would have been some sense in it.

See that gray squirrel, at the door of the fruit shop, whirling round and round so merrily within his wire wheel. Being condemned to the tread mill, he makes it an amusement. Admirable philosophy!

Here comes a big, rough dog, a countryman's dog in search of his master, smelling at everybody's heels, and touching little Annie's hand with his cold nose, but hurrying away, though she would fain have patted him. Success to your search, Fidelity! And there sits a great yellow cat upon a window-sill, a very corpulent and

comfortable cat, gazing at this transitory world with owl's eyes, and making pithy comments, doubtless, or what appear such, to the silly beast. Oh, sage puss, make room for me beside you, and we will be a pair of philosophers !

Here we see something to remind us of the town-crier and his ding-dong bell ! Look ! look at that great cloth spread out in the air, pictured all over with wild beasts, as if they had met together to choose a king, according to their custom in the days of Æsop. But they are choosing neither a king nor a president ; else we should hear a most horrible snarling. They have come from the deep woods, and the wild mountains, and the desert sands, and the polar snows, only to do homage to my little Annie.

As we enter among them, the great elephant makes us a bow, in the best style of elephantine courtesy, bending lowly down his mountain bulk, with trunk abased and leg thrust out behind. Annie returns the salute, much to the gratification of the elephant, who is certainly the best bred monster in the caravan. The lion and the lioness are busy with two beef bones. The royal tiger keeps pacing his narrow cage with a haughty step, unmindful of the spectators, or recalling the fierce deeds of his former life, when he was wont to leap forth upon such inferior animals from the jungles of Bengal.

Here we see the very same wolf — do not go near him, Annie ! — the self-same wolf that devoured little Red Riding Hood and her grandmother. In the next cage, a hyena from Egypt, who has doubtless howled around the pyramids, and a black bear from our own forests are fellow-prisoners, and most excellent friends. Are there any

two living creatures who have so few sympathies that they cannot possibly be friends?

Here sits a great white bear whom common observers would call a very stupid beast, though I perceive him to be only absorbed in contemplation; he is thinking of his voyages on an iceberg, and of his comfortable home in the vicinity of the north pole, and of the little cubs whom he left rolling in the eternal snows. In fact, he is a bear of sentiment. But, oh, those unsentimental monkeys! the ugly, grinning, aping, chattering, ill-natured, mischievous, and queer little brutes.

Annie does not love the monkeys. Their ugliness shocks her pure, instinctive delicacy of taste, and makes her mind unquiet because it bears a wild and dark resemblance to humanity. But here is a little pony, just big enough for Annie to ride, and round and round he gallops in a circle, keeping time with his trampling hoofs to a band of music. And here, with a laced coat and a cocked hat and a riding whip in his hand, comes a little gentleman small enough to be king of the fairies, and takes a flying leap into the saddle. Merrily, merrily plays the music, and merrily gallops the pony, and merrily rides the little old gentleman.

IV.

Come, Annie, into the street again; perchance we may see monkeys on horseback there!

Mercy on us, what a noisy world we quiet people live in! Did Annie ever read the cries of London city? With what lusty lungs doth yonder man proclaim that his wheelbarrow is full of lobsters! Here comes another mounted on a cart, and blowing a hoarse and dreadful

blast from a tin horn, as much as to say, "Fresh fish!" And hark! a voice on high, like that of a muezzin from the summit of a mosque, announcing that some chimney sweeper has emerged from smoke and soot, and darksome caverns, into the upper air.

What cares the world for that? But, well-a-day! we hear a shrill voice of affliction, the scream of a little child, rising louder with every repetition of that smart, sharp, slapping sound produced by an open hand on tender flesh. Annie sympathizes, though without experience of such direful woe.

Lo! the town-crier again, with some new secret for the public ear. Will he tell us of an auction, or of a lost pocketbook, or of a show of beautiful wax figures, or of some monstrous beast more horrible than any in the caravan? I guess the latter. See how he uplifts the bell in his right hand, and shakes it slowly at first, then with a hurried motion, till the clapper seems to strike both sides at once, and the sounds are scattered forth in quick succession, far and near.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

Now he raises his clear loud voice above all the din of the town; it drowns the buzzing talk of many tongues, and draws each man's mind from his own business; it rolls up and down the echoing street, and ascends to the hushed chamber of the sick; and penetrates downward to the cellar kitchen, where the hot cook turns from the fire to listen. What saith the people's orator?

"Strayed from her home, a LITTLE GIRL, of five years old, in a blue silk frock and white apron, with brown curling hair and hazel eyes. Whoever will bring her back to her afflicted mother —"

Stop, stop, town-crier! The lost is found. Oh, my pretty Annie, we forgot to tell your mother of our ramble, and she is in despair, and has sent the town-crier to bellow up and down the streets, affrighting old and young, for the loss of a little girl who has not once let go my hand! Well, let us hasten homeward; and, as we go, forget not to thank Heaven, my Annie, that after wandering a little way into the world, you may return at the first summons, with an untainted and unwearied heart, and be a happy child again.

DEFINITIONS. — Im′pŭlse, *incentive, motive.* Mȳs′te rȳ, *something not well understood.* At tīre′, *dress.* En tīçe′, *draw away from.* Mŏr′al īze, *make moral reflections.* Jŏs′tles, *knocks against.* U′nĭ ṣon, *in the same time.* Pŏn′der ous, *very heavy.* Sprṵçe, *active.* Păr tĭ ăl′ĭ tīeṣ, *likings.* · Tōmeṣ, *volumes.* Sā′ber, *a curved sword.* Măn da rĭn′, *a Chinese officer.* E thē′re al, *airy.* Gạu′dĭ lȳ, *gayly.* Jŭn′gleṣ, *dense thickets.* Mū ĕz′zĭn, *a Mohammedan crier of the hour of prayer.* Mŏsque, *a Mohammedan place of worship.*

NOTES. — This selection is from "Twice-Told Tales," a collection of stories and sketches first published in 1837.

"Peter Parley" was the pen-name of Samuel G. Goodrich, the writer of a large number of popular books, many of them for children. The *Juvenile Miscellany* was a child's paper, published at the time this story was written.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise,
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in the fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

DEFINITIONS. — Shēaveş, *bundles of grain.* Tō'ken (*pro.* tō'kn), *a souvenir, that which is to recall some person, thing, or event.* Trans-plănt'ed, *removed and planted in another place.*

THE SICK SCHOLAR.

By Charles Dickens.

I.

The schoolmaster had scarcely arranged the room in due order, and taken his seat behind his desk, when a white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the door, and stopping there to make an awkward bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. The white-headed boy then put an open book, much thumb-worn, upon his knees, and, pushing his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled.

Soon afterward another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him a red-headed lad, and after him two more with white heads, and then one with a flaxen poll, and so on until there were about a dozen boys in all, with heads of every color but gray, and of ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor when he sat upon the form, and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered, foolish fellow, about half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

At the top of the first form — the post of honor in the school — was the vacant place of the little sick scholar, and at the head of the row of pegs on which the hats and caps were hung one peg was left empty. No boy thought of touching seat or peg, but many a one, as the remembrance of their delicate playmate came to mind, looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered to his idle neighbor behind his hand.

Then began the hum of learning the lessons and getting them by heart, the sly whispers, the stealthy game,

and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din sat the poor schoolmaster, vainly trying to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend. But it was plain that his thoughts were wandering from his pupils, and being drawn more and more to the willing scholar whose seat was vacant. None knew this better than the idlest boys, whose misconduct became greater and more daring — eating apples under the master's eye, pinching each other in sport or malice, and cutting their names in the very legs of his desk.

The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson out of book, looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master's elbow and boldly cast his eyes upon the page. If the master did chance to rouse himself and seem alive to what was going on, the room became suddenly silent, and no eyes met his but wore a thoughtful and deeply humble look; then, as he again became lost in thought, the noise broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

Oh, how some of those idle rogues longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half intended to rush violently out, plunge into the woods, and be wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool rivers and some shady bathing place beneath willow trees, with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting that sturdy boy, who sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling book, wishing himself a whale, or a fly, or anything but a boy at school on that hot, sunny day!

Heat! Ask that other boy, whose seat being nearest the door gave him an opportunity to sneak quietly into the garden and drive his companions to madness by dip-

ping his face into the bucket of the well and then rolling on the grass — ask him if there were ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of flowers and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to go out of business and make honey no more.

The lessons over, writing time began; and there being but one desk, and that the master's, each boy sat at it in turn and toiled at his crooked copy, while the master walked about. The room was more quiet now; for the master would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and tell him kindly to observe how such a letter was turned in such a copy on the wall, and bid him take it for his model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and so gentle was the schoolmaster's manner that the boys seemed quite sorry that they had worried him so much, and ate no more apples, cut no more names, inflicted no more pinches for full two minutes afterward.

II.

"I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give an extra half holiday this afternoon."

The boys, led on and headed by a tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were good enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath.

"You must promise me first," said the schoolmaster,

"that you'll not be noisy, or, at least, if you are, that you'll go away and be so — away out of the village, I mean."

There was a general murmur in the negative.

"Then, pray, don't forget, there's my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster, "what I have asked you, and do it as a favor to me. Be as happy as you can, and likewise be mindful that you are blessed with health. Good-by, all!"

"Thank you, sir," and "good-by, sir," were said a great many times, and the boys, much to their own astonishment and that of the master, went out very slowly and softly.

But there was the sun shining and there were the birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays and half holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay tempting them to come and scatter it in the pure air; the green corn gently beckoning toward wood and stream; the smooth ground, seeming smoother still in the blending lights and shadows, and inviting to runs and leaps and long walks, no one knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop the whole company took to their heels and sped away, shouting and laughing as they went.

"'Tis natural, thank Heaven!" said the poor schoolmaster, looking after them; "I am very glad they didn't mind me."

Toward night, the schoolmaster walked over to the cottage where his little friend lay sick. Knocking gently at the cottage door, it was opened without loss of time. He entered a room where a group of women were gathered

about one who was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. "Oh, dame!" said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as this?" Without replying, she pointed to another room, which the schoolmaster immediately entered; and there lay his little friend, half dressed, stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprung up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying that he was his dear, kind friend. "I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster. "You remember my garden, Henry?" whispered the old man, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, very soon now, won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly — so very, very faintly — and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them — no, not a sound. In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices, borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes. "The boys at play, upon the green." He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down. "Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster. "Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to

the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle bat, that lay, with slate, and book, and other boyish property, upon the table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and again clasped his little arms around the old man's neck. The two old friends and companions — for such they were, though they were man and child — held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face to the wall and fell asleep.

— *From* "The Old Curiosity Shop."

DEFINITIONS. — Pōll, *head.* Fôrm, *bench, or long seat.* Măl'ĭçe, *intent to injure.* Tō'ken, *sign, indication.* Běck'on ing, *calling.*

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes:
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor,
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"

Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
'Mid the apple boughs a pigeon cooes;
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November:
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews;
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views —
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AT WAKEFIELD.

By Oliver Goldsmith.

A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness, which depends not on circumstances but constitution.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve.

Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast

also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down: and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosures, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, — one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony — for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship — we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty

being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal and an hour for dinner, which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation.

The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribbons, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behavior served to mortify me; I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always

loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters dressed out all in their former splendor; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion.

I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.

"Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife; "we can walk it perfectly well; we want no coach to carry us now."

"You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us."

"Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him."

"You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings and pinkings and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbors. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation,

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"Cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats."

that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

— *From* "The Vicar of Wakefield."

DEFINITIONS. — Văl'en tīne, *St. Valentine's day, the 14th of February.* Shrōve'tīde, *the days before Ash Wednesday.* Mĭch'ael mas, *the 29th of September.* Păd ū a soy', *a rich, heavy silk.*

AN APRIL DAY.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
  Their garnered fullness down;
All day that soft, gray mist hath wrapped
  Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day
  To break the calm of nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
  Of life or living creature,

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
  Or cattle faintly lowing.
I could have half believed I heard
  The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear — I love it well —
The rain's continuous sound ;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked, at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth ; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing ;
Even now upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air,
Is all with fragrance rife !
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are bursting into life.

Down, down they come, those fruitful stores,
Those earth-rejoicing drops !
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops ;

And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo ! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth of amber light.

* * * * *

But yet behold — abrupt and loud,
Comes down the glittering rain ;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of its train.

DEFINITIONS. — Gär'nered, *laid up, treasured.* Stŭds, *knobs, buds.* Clēav'ing, *dividing.* Dĭm'pleṣ, *small depressions.* Am'ber, *the color of amber, yellow.*

ALEXANDER'S FIRST TRIUMPH.

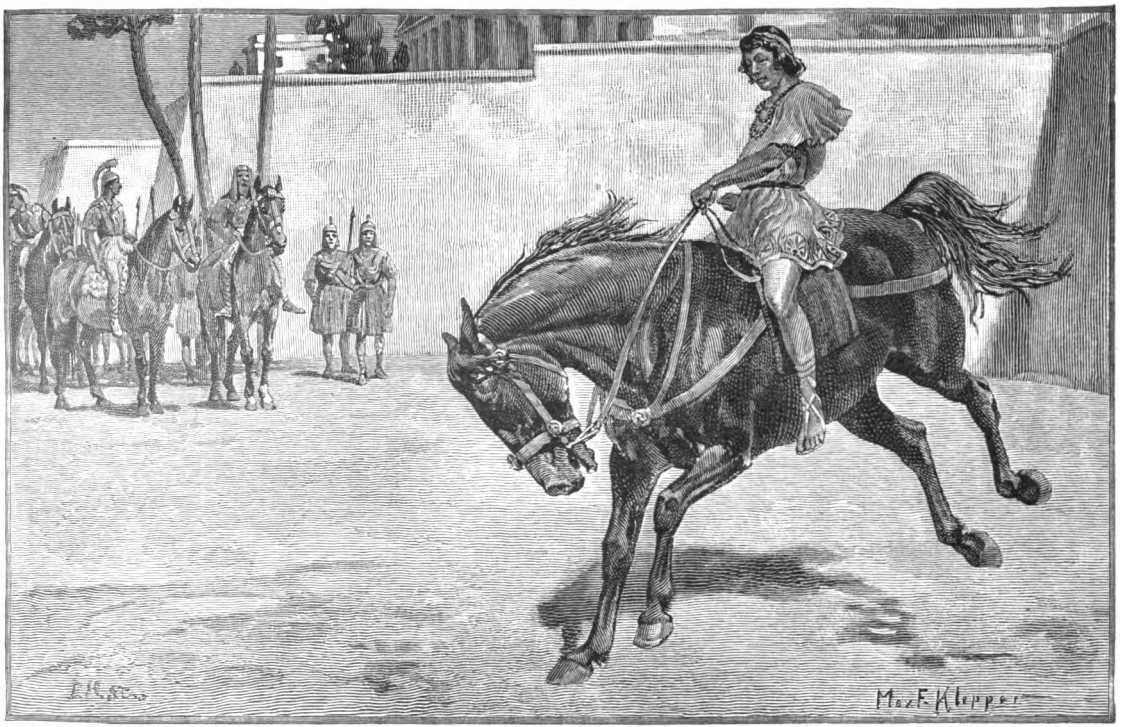
Philonicus the Thessalian brought the horse Bucephabus to Philip, offering to sell him for thirteen talents ; but when the attendants went into the field to try him, they found him so very vicious and unmanageable that he reared up when they endeavored to mount him, and would not so much as endure the voice of any of them.

Philip was displeased at their bringing him so wild and ungovernable a horse, and bade them take him away ; but as they were leading him away as wholly intractable and useless, Alexander, who stood by, said, "What an excellent horse do they lose, for want of skill and spirit to manage him ! "

Philip at first took no notice of the words of his son ; but when he heard him repeat the same thing several times, and saw that he was much vexed that the horse should be sent away, he said, "Do you reproach those that are older than yourself, as if you knew more and were better able than they to manage the horse ? "

"Let me try him," he said, "I will manage him better than others do."

"And if you do not," said Philip, "what will you forfeit for your rashness ? "



Alexander and Bucephalus.

"I will pay the whole price of the horse," said Alexander.

At this the entire company fell to laughing; but as soon as the agreement was settled amongst them, Alexander immediately ran to the horse, and, taking hold of the bridle, turned him directly toward the sun, having, it seems, observed that the animal was disturbed and frightened by the motion of his own shadow.

Then the youth, letting him go forward a little, still keeping the reins in his hand, and stroking him gently when he found him growing eager and fiery, let fall his upper garment softly, and with one nimble leap securely mounted him. When he was seated, by little and little he drew in the bridle, and curbed him without either striking or spurring him. Presently, when he found him free from all rebelliousness, and only impatient for the course, he let him go at full speed, inciting him now with a commanding voice, and urging him also with his heel.

Philip and his friends looked on at first in silence and anxiety for the result, till, seeing Alexander turn at the end of his career, and come back rejoicing and triumphant for what he had performed, they all burst out into acclamations of applause. His father shedding tears, it is said, for joy, kissed him as he came down from his horse, and in his transport exclaimed, "Oh, my son, look thee out a kingdom worthy of thyself, for Macedonia is too small for thee!"

After this, considering his son to be of a temper easy to be led to duty by reason, but by no means to be compelled, Philip always endeavored to persuade him rather than to command or force him. He saw that the instruction of his son was too difficult and important to be

wholly trusted to the ordinary masters in music and poetry, and that it required, in the words of Sophocles, "The rudder's guidance and the curb's restraint."

He therefore sent for Aristotle, the most learned philosopher of his time, and rewarded him with a munificence becoming the care he took to teach his son. Alexander gained from him not only moral and political knowledge, but was also instructed in those more profound branches of science which they did not communicate to common scholars.

— *From* "Plutarch's Lives."

DEFINITIONS. — Tăl'ents, *a denomination of money. A silver talent was worth about $1180.* Rēared, *stood up on his hind legs.* In trăct'a ble, *that cannot be controlled.* Re prōach', *speak against.* Cûrbed, *held in.* Ac cla mā'tions, *cries of approval.* Trăn̨'pōrt, *joy, delight.*

NOTES. — Philonicus (fĭl ŏ nī'kŭs) was a native of Thessaly, a country noted for its horses. Philip (fĭl'ip), a famous king of Macedon in Greece, lived about 350 years before Christ. Alexander, his son, is known in history as Alexander the Great. Aristotle (ăr'ĭs tŏt l) was a celebrated Greek philosopher, born 384 B.C.

THE HERITAGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,

A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,

A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft, white hands, —
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

DEFINITIONS. — Hĕr'it ăge, *that which is inherited, or taken by descent, from an ancestor.* Sāt'ed, *surfeited, glutted.* Hīnds, *peasants, countrymen.* Ad jŭdged', *decided, determined.* Be nīgn' (*pro.* be nīn'), *having healthful qualities, wholesome.*

NOTES. — *To hold in fee,* means to have as an inheritance.

Prove title. That is, to prove the right of ownership.

THE RIOT.

By Dinah Maria Mulock-Craik.

Jael unbarred the door and let us in. When she had closed it again securely, she mounted guard behind it with something that looked very like my father's pistols, though I would not discredit her, among our peaceful society, by positively stating the fact.

"Bravo," said John, as we stood all together in the barricaded house, and heard the threatening murmur of voices and feet outside. "Bravo, Jael. The wife of Heber the Kenite was no braver woman than you."

"I have done all as thee bade me — thee art a sensible lad, John Halifax. We are secure, I think."

Secure? bolts and bars secure against fire? For that was threatening us now.

"They can't mean it — surely they can't mean it," said John, as the cry of "burn 'em out" rose louder and louder.

But they did mean it. From the attic window we watched them light torch after torch, sometimes throwing one at the house — but it fell harmless against the stanch oaken door, and blazed itself out on our stone steps. All it did was to show more plainly than even daylight had shown, the gaunt, ragged forms and pinched faces, furious with famine.

John, as well as I, recoiled at that miserable sight.

"I'll speak to them," he said. "Unbar the window, Jael;" and before I could hinder, he was leaning right out. "Halloa, there!"

At his loud and commanding voice a wave of upturned faces surged forward, expectant.

"My men, do you know what you are about? to burn down a gentleman's house is — hanging."

"Not a Quaker's. Nobody'll get hanged for burning out a Quaker!"

"That is true enough," muttered Jael between her teeth. "We must e'en fight, as Mordecai's people fought, hand to hand, until they slew their enemies."

"Fight," repeated John, half to himself, as he stood at the now closed window, against which more than one blazing torch began to rattle. "Fight — with these? — What are you doing, Jael?"

For she had taken down a large book — the last book in the house she would have taken under less critical circumstances, and with it was trying to stop up a broken pane.

"No, my good Jael, not this;" and he carefully replaced the volume — that volume in which he might have read, as day after day, and year after year, we Christians generally do read, such plain words as these: "Love your enemies"; "Bless them that curse you"; "Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

A minute or two John stood with his hand on the book, thinking. Then he touched me on the shoulder.

"Phineas, I'm going to try a new plan — at least, one so old that it's almost new. Whether it succeeds or no, you'll bear me witness to your father that I did it for the best, and did it because I thought it right. Now for it."

To my horror, he threw up the window, and leaned out.

"My men, I want to speak to you."

He might as well have spoken to the roaring sea. The only answer was a shower of missiles, which missed their aim. The rioters were too far off — our spiked iron rail-

ings, eight feet high or more, being a barrier which none had yet ventured to climb. But at length one random stone hit John on the chest.

I pulled him in, but he declared he was not hurt. Terrified, I implored him not to risk his life.

"Life is not always the first thing to be thought of," said he, gently. "Don't be afraid — I shall come to no harm. I must do what I think right, if it is to be done."

John ran downstairs, and, before I guessed his purpose, had unbolted the hall door, and stood on the flight of steps, in full view of the mob.

The sight fairly confounded them. Even I felt that for the moment he was safe. They were awed — nay, paralyzed by his daring.

But the storm raged too fiercely to be lulled, except for one brief minute. A confusion of voices burst out afresh: —

"Who are you?" — "It's one o' the Quakers." — "No, he isn't." — "Burn 'im, anyhow." — "Touch 'im if ye dare."

John stood his ground. Once a torch was flung at him — he stooped and picked it up. I thought he was going to hurl it back again, but he did not; he only threw it down, and stamped it out safely with his foot. This simple action had a wonderful effect on the crowd.

One big fellow advanced to the gate, and called John by his name.

"Is that you, Jacob Baines? I am sorry to see you here."

"Be ye, sir?"

"What do you want?"

"Naught wi' thee. We want Abel Fletcher. Where is he?"

"I shall certainly not tell you."

As John said this, again the noise arose, and again Jacob Baines seemed to have power to quiet the rest.

John Halifax never stirred. Evidently he was pretty well known. I caught many a stray sentence, such as: "Don't hurt the lad."—"He were kind to my lad, he were."—"No, he be a real gentleman."—"No, he came here as poor as we." And the like. At length, one voice, sharp and shrill, was heard above the rest:—

"I say, young man, didst ever know what it was to be pretty nigh famished?"

"Aye, many a time."

The answer, so brief, so unexpected, struck a great hush into the throng. Then the same voice cried:—

"Speak up, man. You be one o' us."

"No, I am not one of you. I'd be ashamed to come in the night and burn my master's house down."

I expected an outbreak, but none came. They listened, as it were, by compulsion, to the clear, manly voice that had not in it one shade of fear.

"What do you do it for?" John continued. "All because he would not sell you, or give you, his wheat. Even so—it was his wheat, not yours. May not a man do what he likes with his own?"

The argument seemed to strike home. There is always a lurking sense of justice in a mob.

"Don't you see how foolish you were? You all know Mr. Fletcher; he is not a man to be threatened. Nor am I one to be threatened, neither. The first one of you who attempted to break into Mr. Fletcher's house, I

should most certainly have shot. But I'd rather not shoot you, poor, starving fellows. I know what it is to be hungry. I'm sorry for you — sorry from the bottom of my heart."

There was no mistaking that compassionate accent, nor the murmur which followed it.

"But what must we do, Mr. Halifax?" cried Jacob Baines.

"Suppose I gave you something to eat; would you listen to me afterward?"

There rose up a frenzied shout of assent. Poor wretches, they were fighting for no principle, true or false, only for bare life. They would have bartered their very souls for a mouthful of bread.

"You must promise to be peaceable," said John again, very resolutely, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "You are Norton Bury folk, — I could get every one of you hanged, even though Abel Fletcher is a Quaker."

"Aye — aye. Something to eat; give us something to eat."

John Halifax called out to Jael; bade her bring all the food of every kind that there was in the house, and give it to him out of the parlor window. She obeyed.

"Now, my lads, come in;" and he unlocked the gate.

They came thronging up the steps, not more than two score, I imagined, in spite of the noise they had made.

John divided the food as well as he could among them; they fell to it like wild beasts. Meat, cooked or raw, loaves, vegetables, meal; all came alike, and were clutched, gnawed, and scrambled for in the fierce selfishness of hunger. Afterward there was a call for water.

"Beer!" shouted some.

"Water," repeated John. "I'll have no drunkards rioting at my master's door."

And, either by chance or design, he let them hear the click of his pistol. But it was hardly needed. They were all cowed by a mightier weapon still — the best weapon a man can use — his own firm, indomitable will.

At length all the food we had in the house was consumed. John told them so; and they believed him. Little enough, indeed, was sufficient for some of them; wasted with long famine, they turned sick and faint, and dropped down even with bread in their mouths, unable to swallow it. Others gorged themselves to the full, and then lay along the steps, supine as satisfied brutes. Only a few sat and ate like rational human beings; and there was but one, a little, shrill-voiced man, who asked me if he might "tak' a bit o' bread to the old woman at home?"

John, hearing, turned, and for the first time noticed me.

"Phineas, it was very wrong of you; but there is no danger now. Well, my men," he said, looking round with a smile, "have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, aye," they all cried.

And one man added, "Thank the Lord."

"That's right, Jacob Baines; and, another time, *trust* the Lord. You wouldn't then have been abroad this quiet, blessed summer morning," — and he pointed to the dawn just reddening in the sky, — "burning and rioting, bringing yourselves to the gallows and your children to starvation."

"They be nigh that already," said Jacob, sullenly. "We men ha' gotten a meal; but what'll become o' the little 'uns at home? Mr. Halifax," and he seemed waxing desperate again, "we must get some food somehow."

Another of the men plucked at him from behind.

"Sir, when thee was a poor lad, I lent thee a rug to sleep on; I don't grudge thee getting on; thee was born for a gentleman, surely. But Master Fletcher be a hard man."

"And a just one," persisted John. "You that work for him, did he ever stint you a halfpenny? If you had come to him and said, 'Master, times are hard, we can't live upon our wages,' he might — I don't say that he would — but he might even have given you the food you tried to steal."

"D'ye think he'd give it us now?" And Jacob Baines, the big, gaunt, savage fellow, who had been the ringleader, — the same, too, who had spoken of his "little 'uns," — came and looked steadily in John's face.

John called me aside, explained to me, and asked my advice and consent, as Abel Fletcher's son, to a plan that had come into his mind. It was to write orders, by which each man, presenting one to our mill, should receive a certain amount of flour.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"I think he would."

John sat down as composedly as if he had been alone in the counting-house, and wrote. I looked over his shoulder, admiring the precision, concentrativeness, and quickness with which he seemed to arrange and then execute his ideas. He possessed, to the full, that "business" faculty which, out of very ordinary material, often makes a clever man.

"Isn't this better than hanging?" said John to the men, when he had distributed the little bits of paper — precious as pound notes. "Why, there isn't another gen-

tleman in Norton Bury who, if you had come to burn his house down, would not have had the constables or the soldiers shoot down one half of you like mad dogs, and sent the other half to the county jail. Now, for all your misdoings, we let you go quietly home, well fed, and with food for children, too. Why, think you?"

"I don't know," said Jacob Baines, humbly.

"I'll tell you. Because Abel Fletcher is a Quaker and a Christian."

"Hurrah for Abel Fletcher! Hurrah for the Quakers!" shouted they, waking up the echoes down Norton Bury streets, which, of a surety, had never echoed to that shout before. And so the riot was over.

NOTE. — This extract is from "John Halifax, Gentleman," a story, the object of which is to portray the development of a true Christian gentleman from a poor orphan boy. Wandering from place to place in search of employment, John Halifax was hired as a cart driver by Abel Fletcher, a Quaker tanner and miller. Phineas Fletcher, the invalid son of the Quaker, tells how, through unswerving honesty, John Halifax wins the confidence and esteem of his father. During the English famine in 1800 a mob of starving workmen attacked the house of the Quaker, but they were appeased and dispersed in the manner here narrated. The entire story is well worth reading.

SONG OF THE RIVER.

BY ABRAM J. RYAN.

A river went singing a-down to the sea,
A-singing — low — singing —
And the dim rippling river said softly to me,
"I'm bringing, a-bringing —
While floating along —
A beautiful song

To the shores that are white where the waves are so
weary,
To the beach that is burdened with wrecks that are
dreary.

"A song sweet and calm
As the peacefullest psalm;
And the shore that was sad
Will be grateful and glad,
And the weariest wave from its dreariest dream
Will wake to the sound of the song of the stream;
And the tempests shall cease
And there shall be peace."
From the fairest of fountains
And farthest of mountains,
From the stillness of snow
Came the stream in its flow.

Down the slopes where the rocks are gray,
Through the vales where the flowers are fair —
Where the sunlight flashed — where the shadows lay
Like stories that cloud a face of care,
The river ran on — and on — and on
Day and night, and night and day.
Going and going, and never gone,
Longing to flow to the "far away."

Staying and staying, and never still, —
Going and staying, as if one will
Said, "Beautiful river, go to the sea,"
And another will whispered, "Stay with me" —

And the river made answer, soft and low,
"I go and stay" — "I stay and go."

"But what is the song?" I said at last
To the passing river that never passed;
And a white, white wave whispered, "List to me,
I'm a note in the song for the beautiful sea,
A song whose grand accents no earth din may sever,
And the river flows on in the same mystic key
That blends in one chord the 'forever and never.'"

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before a thousand.

Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father, Nebuchadnezzar, had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem, that the kings and his princes and his wives might drink therein.

Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God, which was at Jerusalem, and the kings and his princes and his wives drank in them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins

were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake and said to the wise men of Babylon, "Whosoever shall read this writing, and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then came in all the king's wise men; but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof. Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished.

Now the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords, came into the banquet house. And the queen spake and said: "Oh, king, live forever! Let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed. There is a man in thy kingdom in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father, light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him; whom the king Nebuchadnezzar, thy father, made master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers. Forasmuch as an excellent spirit and knowledge and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and showing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel. Now, let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation."

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, "Art thou that Daniel which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king, my father, brought out of Jewry?

"I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods

"'And this was the writing that was written.'"

is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee. And now, the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof; but they could not show the interpretation of the thing. And I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations and dissolve doubts. Now, if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then Daniel answered and said, before the king, "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation.

"Oh, thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar, thy father, a kingdom and majesty and glory and honor. And for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him. Whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up; and whom he would he put down. But when his heart was lifted up and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him; and he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses. They fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will.

"And thou, his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knowest all this; but hast lifted

up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou and thy lords and thy wives have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.

"Then was the part of the hand sent from him; and this writing was written. And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

"This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE, God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. TEKEL, thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. PERES, thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain. And Darius, the Median, took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old.

— *From the* Book of Daniel.

THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

BY LORD BYRON.

The King was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.

A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine —
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand,
The fingers of a man; —
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw — but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,

He heard the King's command,
  He saw the writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
  The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night, —
  The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
  His kingdom passed away;
He, in the balance weighed,
  Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state,
  His canopy, the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
  The Persian on his throne!"

MY CASTLES IN SPAIN.

By George William Curtis.

I.

I am the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the west, but the greater part in Spain.

You may see my western possessions any evening at sunset, when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon. But my finest castles are in Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and my castles are all of perfect proportions and appropriately set in the most picturesque situations.

I have never been in Spain myself, but I have naturally conversed much with travelers to that country; although, I must allow, without deriving from them much substantial information about my property there.

The wisest of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any other region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors.

Every one of them possesses a multitude of the stateliest castles. It is remarkable that none of the proprietors has ever been to Spain to take possession and report to the rest of us the state of our property there, and it is not easy for me to say how I know so much about my castles in Spain.

The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which no gales blow and there are no tempests.

All the sublime mountains and beautiful valleys and soft landscapes that I have not yet seen are to be found in the grounds.

They command a noble view of the Alps; so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the prospect of them from the highest tower, and not care to go to Switzerland.

I have often wondered how I should reach my castles. I have inquired very particularly, but nobody seemed to know the way. It occurred to me that Bourne the millionaire must have ascertained the safest and most expeditious route to Spain; so I stole a few minutes one afternoon and went into his office.

He was sitting at his desk, writing rapidly, and surrounded by files of papers and patterns, specimens, boxes, — everything that covers the tables of a great merchant.

In the outer rooms clerks were writing. Upon high shelves over their heads were huge chests covered with

dust, dingy with age many of them, and all marked with the name of the firm in large letters, "Bourne & Dye."

They were all numbered also with the proper year; some of them with a single capital B, and dates extending back into the last century, when old Bourne made the great fortune before he went into partnership with Dye.

There were several gentlemen in waiting to converse with Bourne (we all call him so familiarly down town), and I waited until they went out. But others came in. There was no pause in the rush. All kinds of inquiries were made and answered. At length I stepped up.

II.

"A moment, please, Mr. Bourne." He looked up hastily, wished me good morning, which he had done to the others, and which courtesy I attributed to Spanish sympathy.

"What is it, sir?" he asked blandly, but with wrinkled brow.

"Mr. Bourne, have you any castles in Spain?" said I, without preface. He looked at me for a few moments without speaking and without seeming to see me. His brow gradually smoothed, and his eyes apparently looking into the street were really, I have no doubt, feasting upon the Spanish landscape.

"Too many, too many," said he, at length, musingly, shaking his head and without addressing me.

I suppose he felt himself too much extended, as we say in Wall Street.

He feared, I thought, that he had too much impracticable property elsewhere to own so much in Spain: so I asked: —

"Will you tell me what you consider the shortest and safest route thither, Mr. Bourne? for of course a man who drives such an immense trade with all parts of the world will know all that I have come to inquire."

"My dear sir," answered he, wearily, "I have been trying all my life to discover it; but none of my ships have ever been there — none of my captains have any report to make.

"They bring me, as they brought my father, gold dust from Guinea, ivory, pearls, and precious stones from every part of the earth; but not a fruit, not a solitary flower, from one of my castles in Spain.

"I have sent clerks, agents, and travelers of all kinds, philosophers, pleasure hunters, and invalids, in all sorts of ships, to all sorts of places, but none of them ever saw or heard of my castles, except a young poet, and he died in a madhouse."

"Mr. Bourne, will you take five thousand at ninety-seven?" hastily demanded a man whom, as he entered, I recognized as a broker. "We'll make a splendid thing of it."

Bourne nodded assent, and the broker disappeared.

"Happy man!" muttered the merchant, as the broker went out; "he has no castles in Spain."

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Bourne," said I, retiring.

"I'm glad you came," returned he; "but, I assure you, had I known the route you hope to ascertain from me I should have sailed years and years ago. People sail for the Northwest Passage, which is nothing when you have found it. Why don't the English Admiralty fit out expeditions to discover all our castles in Spain?"

Yet I dream my dreams and attend to my castles in Spain. I have so much property there that I could not in conscience neglect it.

All the years of my youth and hopes of my manhood are stored away, like precious stones, in the vaults; and I know that I shall find everything elegant, beautiful, and convenient when I come into possession.

As the years go by, I am not conscious that my interest diminishes.

Shall I tell a secret? Shall I confess that sometimes when I have been sitting reading to my Prue "Cymbeline," perhaps, or a Canterbury tale, I have seemed to see clearly before me the broad highway to my castles in Spain, and, as she looked up from her work and smiled in sympathy, I have even fancied that I was almost there?

NOTES. — This extract is from "Prue and I," a volume of delightful sketches on social topics, published in 1856.

Castles in Spain, or air castles, are expressions used to designate visionary projects that will probably never be realized.

TRUE WISDOM.

Where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
The depth saith, "It is not in me."
And the sea saith, "It is not with me."
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx or the sapphire.
Gold and glass cannot equal it;
Neither shall the exchange thereof be jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls;
For the price of wisdom is above rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence, then, cometh wisdom?
And where is the place of understanding?
Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and Death say,
"We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears."
God understandeth the way thereof,
And He knoweth the place thereof.
For He looketh to the ends of the earth,
And seeth under the whole heaven;
To make a weight for the wind:
Yea, He meteth out the waters by measure.

When He made a decree for the rain,
And a way for the lightning of the thunder,
Then did He see it, and declare it;
He established it, yea, and searched it out.
And unto man He said,
"Behold, the fear of the Lord — that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding."

— *From the* Book of Job.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

[From a letter to the *London Times*, by a lady, the wife of an officer at Lucknow.]

On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineer had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night.

I had gone out to try to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, her "father should return from the plowing."

She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I

was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

A look of intense delight broke over her countenance. She grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed: "Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Aye. I'm no dreaming: it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved! we're saved!" Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor.

I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men: "Courage! courage! Hark to the slogan — to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'! Here's help at last!"

To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women, who had flocked to the spot, burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard only the rattle of the musketry.

A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line: "Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear? d'ye hear?"

At that moment all seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance; for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, pene-

"'Courage! courage! Hark to the slogan!'"

trating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need.

Never, surely, was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch.

To our cheer of "God save the Queen," they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot." After that, nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched around the table, playing once more the familiar air of "Auld Lang Syne."

DEFINITIONS. — A vĕrt′, *to turn aside.* En ġi neer′, *an officer in the army, who designs and constructs defensive and offensive works.* Siēġe, *the setting of an army around a fortified place to compel its surrender.* Pro found′, *deep.* Slō′ġan, *the war cry or gathering word of a Highland clan in Scotland.* Fĕr′vor, *intensity of feeling.* Pī′broch, *a wild, irregular species of music belonging to the Highlands of Scotland; it is performed on a bagpipe.* Săp′pers, *men employed in making an approach to a fortified place by digging.* Rĕş′i den çy, *the official dwelling of a government officer in India.* Sī mul tā′ne oŭs, *happening at the same time.*

NOTES. — *Lucknow*, a city in the British possession of India. In 1857 there was a mutiny of the native troops, and the British garrison

of 1700 men was besieged by 10,000 mutineers. After twelve weeks' siege, fresh British troops forced an entrance, and the town was held until relieved three weeks later by the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, as above described.

Cawnpore, also a city of India, near Lucknow, which was besieged during the mutiny. After surrendering, the English, two thirds of whom were women and children, were treacherously massacred.

The inhabitants of the northern part of Scotland are called *Highlanders;* those of the southern part, *Lowlanders.* The dialect of the former is very peculiar, as shown in the language of Jessie Brown; as *dinna* for *did not*, *a'* for *all*, *no* for *not*, *noo* for *now*, *auld* for *old*. *Macgregor* and *Campbell* are names of Highland clans or families.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of bloom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain.

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear;
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.'

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
As her mother's cradle crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call:

"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all!"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's:
"God be praised! — the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew.

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.

Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played!

DEFINITIONS. — Plăid'ed, *referring to the peculiar dress of the Scotch Highlanders.* Lŏch, *a lake in Scotland.* Sē'poy, *a native of India engaged in the English service.* (*It was the Sepoys who were now in rebellion.*) Tär'tan, *woolen cloth checkered or plaided, worn much by the Highlanders; here used to denote the Highlanders themselves.*

NOTE. — The Goomtee is the river on the banks of which the city of Lucknow is built.

THE LAST GRAND REVIEW.

BY T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Never was there a more tremendous spectacle than when, at the close of the war, our armies came back and marched in review before the President's stand at Washington. It made no difference whether a man was a Republican or a Democrat, a Northern man or a Southern man, if he had any emotion of nature, he could not look upon that spectacle without weeping. God knew that the day was stupendous, and He cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and spread the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights, the spring foliage shook out its welcome, as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions, as they came to the Long Bridge, and, in almost interminable line, passed over.

The Capitol never seemed so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging down, billow after billow. They passed in

silence, yet we heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions: brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing; marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp — thousands after thousands, battery front, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger.

Commanders on horses with their manes entwined with roses, and necks enchained with garlands, fractious at the shouts that rang along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultuous vociferation of hundreds of thousands of enraptured multitudes. Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon wagons, ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crushed and the dying that they had carried.

These men came from balmy Minnesota; those, from Illinois prairies; these were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon; those were New England lumbermen; those came out of the coal shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause, consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg, in lines that seemed infinite they passed on.

We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come. But no! looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in

solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, coming as it were from under the Capitol. Their bayonets caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed like one long river of silver that ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession: no rest for the eyes.

We turned our heads from the scene, unable longer to look. We felt disposed to stop our ears; but still we heard it, marching, marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp. But hush! Uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a once full regiment! Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on and wring their hands. But wheel into line, all ye people! North, South, East, West, — all decades, all centuries, all millenniums! Forward the whole line!

DEFINITIONS. — Spĕc'ta cle, *a remarkable or noteworthy sight.* Stū-pĕn'dous, *wonderful, grand.* Trī ŭm'phal, *in honor of victory.* Băt tăl'-ions, *companies of soldiers.* A nŏn', *now and again.* Dĕc'ades, *periods of ten years.* Mĭl lĕn'nĭ ums, *periods of a thousand years.*

THE HERO IN GRAY.

BY HENRY W. GRADY.

Some of you saw, and all of us have heard of the grand review of the Northern army at the close of the war. How in the pomp and circumstance of war they came back, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. But there was another army that sought its home at the close of the late war: an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory; in pathos and not in splendor; but in glory that equaled theirs, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home.

Picture to yourself the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox, in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. What does he do — this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity.

As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and

bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always.

As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten ; and she rejoices that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand ; that human slavery was swept forever from American soil; and the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

But what of the North ? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered ? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox. If she does, the South, never abject in asking comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal ; but if she does not ; if she accepts in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said : "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united all, united now and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment

> "Those opposed eyes,
> Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
> Shall now, in mutual well beseeming ranks,
> March all one way."

DEFINITIONS. — Pa rōle′, *certificate.* Păl′lĭd, *pale.* Feū′dal, *resembling the medieval system of holding estates by military service.* In scrū′ta ble, *incomprehensible.*

EXERCISE. — Where is Appomattox? What important event occurred there? Who were the Confederates? Who was Grant? Lee? Webster?

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY FRANCIS M. FINCH.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;

Under the roses, the Blue:
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead; —

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears, for the Blue;
Tears and love, for the Gray.

NOTE. — The above touching little poem first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in September, 1867. It commemorates the noble action on the part of the women at Columbus, Miss., who in decorating the graves strewed flowers impartially on those of the Confederate and of the Federal soldiers.

SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION.

BY PATRICK HENRY.

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that

insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us into submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? We have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light in which it was capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we

have prostrated ourselves at the foot of the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, we must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? We are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send

against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and, let it come! I repeat it, let it come!

It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

DEFINITIONS. — Il lū'sions, *unreal images presented to the bodily or mental vision.* Sī'ren, *alluding to the fabled sea nymphs whose singing lured mariners to destruction.* In sĭd'ĭ ous, *deceptive, sly.* Rĕc'on cĭl ĭ-ā'tion, *renewal of friendship.* Ac cū mu lā'tion, *gathering together.* Sŭp plĭ cā'tions, *prayers.* In vī'o lāte, *uninjured.* Cōpe, *to encounter.* Sū pīne'ly, *indolently.* Phăn'tom, *an image having no real existence.* Vĭg'ĭ lant, *watchful.* Ex tĕn'ū āte, *to make excuses.*

NOTE. — This speech was made in 1775 in support of a resolution that the colony of Virginia "be immediately put in a state of defense." The pupil while studying it should read in some standard history a full account of the opening scenes of the Revolution.

THE RISING.

By Thomas Buchanan Read.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wild land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington.
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

The yeoman and the yeoman's son,
With knitted brows and sturdy dint,
Renewed the polish of each gun,
Re-oiled the lock, reset the flint;
And oft the maid and matron there,
While kneeling in the firelight glare,
Long poured, with half-suspended breath,
The lead into the molds of death.

The hands by Heaven made silken soft
To soothe the brow of love or pain,
Alas! are dulled and soiled too oft
By some unhallowed earthly stain;
But under the celestial bound

No nobler picture can be found
Than woman, brave in word and deed,
Thus serving in her nation's need :
Her love is with her country now,
Her hand is on its aching brow.

Within its shade of elm and oak
  The church of Berkley Manor stood
There Sunday found the rural folk,
  And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
  Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught :
  All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

The pastor rose : the prayer was strong ;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured ;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
  The stirring sentences he spake
  Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
  And grasping in his nervous hand
  The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,

Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir ;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkley cried, " Cease, traitor ! cease !
God's temple is the house of peace ! "
The other shouted, " Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause :
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe :
In this the dawn of Freedom's day
There is a time to fight and pray ! "

And now before the open door —
The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life ;
While overhead with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before :
It seemed as it would never cease ;

And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry
As striding from the desk he came —
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered "*I!*"

— *From* "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies."

DEFINITIONS. — Bō're al, *northern.* Yeō'man, *a freeholder, a man freeborn.* Dint, *stroke.* Măn'or, *a tract of land occupied by tenants.* Thēme, *a subject on which a person speaks or writes.* Guise, *external appearance in manner or dress.* Sōar, *a towering flight.*

NOTES. — *Forgot her . . . name.* The reference is to the meaning of the word "concord," — *harmony, union.*

The pastor. This was John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, who was at that time a minister at Woodstock, in Virginia. He was a leading spirit among those opposed to Great Britain, and in 1775 he was elected colonel of a Virginia regiment. The above poem describes his farewell sermon. At its close he threw off his ministerial gown, and appeared in full regimental dress. Almost every man in the congregation enlisted under him at the church door.

A DANGER TO OUR REPUBLIC.

BY HENRY CLAY.

Recall to your recollection the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

Gone glimmering through the mist of things that were,
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour.

And how lost they their liberties? If we could transport ourselves to the ages when Greece and Rome flour-

ished in their greatest prosperity, and mingling in the throng should ask a Grecian if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain covered with glory — some Philip or Alexander — would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim : "No ! no ! we have nothing to fear from our heroes ; our liberties will be eternal." If a Roman citizen had been asked if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell ; and Cæsar passed the Rubicon.

We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest, portion of it is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy ; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere, the black cloud of Legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the West, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden the human heart.

Observe that, by the downfall of liberty here, all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. To us belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character, the liberty of our country. Do we expect to execute this high trust by trampling down the law, justice, the Constitution, and the rights of the people ? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition ?

Let us beware, then, how we give our fatal sanction to military insubordination. Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her

Bonaparte, and we must avoid the mistakes which these nations made, if we would escape the rock on which they met their doom.

NOTES. — *Legitimacy*, the doctrine of the divine right of kings to rule by inheritance. *The conqueror of Gaul*, Julius Cæsar.

EXERCISE. — Who was Philip? Alexander? Cæsar? Cromwell? Bonaparte? Where and what was the Rubicon? When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon it was in violation of orders from the Roman government and therefore equivalent to a declaration of war against it.

RECESSIONAL.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

God of our fathers, known of old,
  Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
  The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
  A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not thee in awe, —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law, —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard, —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not thee to guard, —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
  Amen.

— *From the London Times*, 1897.

DEFINITIONS. — Re cĕs'sion al, *a hymn sung in a procession returning from the choir to the robing room.* Dune, *a low hill of drifting sand.* Tube, *here used for gun.* Shärd, *sword.*

THE TWO ROADS.

BY JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

It was New Year's night; and Von Arden, having fallen into an unquiet slumber, dreamed that he was an aged man standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies, on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal — the tomb.

Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the stages which led to it, and he had brought from his

journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, — one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony: "Oh, days of my youth, return! Oh, my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes and then disappear: these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness: this was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New Year's night.

The clock in the high church tower struck, and, the sound falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing

effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years have passed and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "Oh, youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days!"

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

By Leigh Hunt.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

By George Bancroft.

In 1673, on the tenth day of June, James Marquette and Louis Joliet, five Frenchmen as companions, and two Algonquins as guides, dragged their two canoes across the narrow portage that divides the Fox River from the Wisconsin. They reached the watershed; uttering a special prayer to the immaculate Virgin, they left the streams that could have borne their greetings to the castle of Quebec. "The guides returned," says the gentle Marquette, "leaving us alone, in this unknown land, in the hands of Providence."

Embarking on the broad Wisconsin, the discoverers went solitarily down its current, between alternate plains and hillsides, beholding neither man nor familiar beasts; no sound broke the silence but the ripple of their canoes and the lowing of the buffalo. In seven days "they entered happily the Great River, with a joy that could not be expressed," and, raising their sails under new skies and to unknown breezes, floated down the calm magnificence of the ocean stream, over the broad, clear sand bars, the resort of innumerable waterfowl, through clusters of

islets tufted with massive thickets, and between the natural parks of Illinois and Iowa.

About sixty leagues below the Wisconsin the western bank of the Mississippi bore on its sands the trail of men; a little footpath was discovered leading into beautiful fields; and, leaving the canoes, Joliet and Marquette resolved alone to brave a meeting with the savages. After walking six miles, they beheld a village on the banks of a river, and two others on a slope, at a distance of a mile and a half from the first. The river was the Moingona, of which we have corrupted the name into Des Moines.

Marquette and Joliet, the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa, commending themselves to God, uttered a loud cry. Four old men advanced slowly to meet them, bearing the peace pipe brilliant with many-colored plumes. "We are Illinois," said they, that is, when translated, "We are men"; and they offered the calumet.

An aged chief received them at his cabin with upraised hands, exclaiming: "How beautiful is the sun, Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! Our whole village awaits thee; thou shalt enter in peace into all our dwellings." And the pilgrims were followed by the devouring gaze of an astonished crowd.

To the council Marquette published the one true God, their Creator. He spoke also of the great captain of the French, the Governor of Canada, who had chastised the Five Nations and commanded peace; and he questioned them respecting the Mississippi and the tribes that possessed its banks. For the messengers, who announced the subjection of the Iroquois, a magnificent festival was prepared of hominy and fish and the choicest viands from the prairies.

After six days' delay, and invitations to new visits, the chieftain of the tribe, with hundreds of warriors, attended the strangers to their canoes; and, selecting a peace pipe embellished with the head and neck of brilliant birds, and all feathered over with plumage of various hues, they hung round Marquette the sacred calumet — the mysterious arbiter of peace and war, a safeguard among the nations.

The little group proceeded onward. "I did not fear death," says Marquette, in July; "I should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God." They passed the perpendicular rocks, which wore the appearance of monsters; they heard at a distance the noise of the waters of the Missouri, known to them by its Algonquin name of Pekitanoni; and, when they came to the grandest confluence of rivers in the world, — where the swifter Missouri rushes like a conqueror into the calmer Mississippi, dragging it, as it were, hastily to the sea, — the good Marquette resolved in his heart one day to ascend the mighty river to its source; to cross the ridge that divides the oceans, and, descending a westerly flowing stream, to publish the gospel to all the people of this New World.

In a little less than forty leagues, the canoes floated past the Ohio, which was then, and long afterward, called the Wabash. Its banks were tenanted by numerous villages of the peaceful Shawnees, who quailed under the incursions of the Iroquois.

The thick canes begin to appear so close and strong that the buffaloes could not break through them; the insects become intolerable; as a shelter against the suns of July, the sails are folded into an awning. The prairies vanish; and forests of whitewood, admirable for their vastness

and height, crowd even to the skirts of the pebbly shore. It is also observed that, in the land of the Chickasas, the Indians have guns.

Near the latitude of thirty-three degrees, on the western bank of the Mississippi, stood the village of Mitchigamea in a region that had not been visited by Europeans since the days of De Soto. "Now," thought Marquette, "we must, indeed, ask the aid of the Virgin." Armed with bows and arrows, with clubs, axes, and bucklers, amid continual whoops, the natives embarked in boats made out of the trunks of huge hollow trees; but, at the sight of the mysterious peace pipe held aloft, they threw down their bows and quivers and prepared a hospitable welcome.

The next day a long wooden canoe, containing ten men, escorted the discoverers, for eight or ten leagues, to the village of Akansea, the limit of their voyage. They had left the region of the Algonquins, and, in the midst of the Dakotas and Chickasas, could speak only by an interpreter. A half league above Akansea, they were met by two boats, in one of which stood the commander, holding in his hand the peace pipe, and singing as he drew near. After offering the pipe, he gave bread of maize. The wealth of his tribe consisted in buffalo skins; their weapons were axes of steel — a proof of commerce with Europeans.

Having descended below the entrance of the Arkansas, and having become certain that the father of rivers went not to the Gulf of California, but was undoubtedly the river of the Spiritu Santo of the Spaniards, which pours its flood of waters into the Gulf of Mexico, on the seventeenth of July Marquette and Joliet left Akansea and

ascended the Mississippi, having the greatest difficulty in stemming its currents.

At the thirty-eighth degree of latitude they entered the river Illinois, which was broad and deep and peaceful in its flow. Its banks were without a paragon for its prairies and its forests, its buffaloes and deer, its turkeys and geese, and many kinds of game, and even beavers; and there were many small lakes and rivulets.

"When I was told of a country without trees," wrote Joliet, "I imagined a country that had been burned over, or of a soil too poor to produce anything; but we have remarked just the contrary, and it would be impossible to find a better soil for grain, for vines, or any fruits whatever." He held the country on the Illinois River to be the most beautiful and the most easy to colonize. "There is no need," he said, "that an emigrant should employ ten years in cutting down the forest and burning it. On the day of his arrival the emigrant could put the plow into the earth."

The tribe of the Illinois entreated Marquette to come and reside among them. One of their chiefs, with their young men, guided the party to the portage, which, in spring and the early part of summer, was but half a league long, and they easily reached the lake. "The place at which we entered the lake," to use the words of Joliet, "is a harbor very convenient to receive ships, and to give them protection against the wind." Before the end of September the explorers were safe in Green Bay; but Marquette was exhausted by his labors.

In 1675 Marquette, who had been delayed by his failing health for more than a year, rejoined the Illinois on their river. Assembling the tribe, whose chiefs and men

were reckoned at two thousand, he raised before them pictures of the Virgin Mary, spoke to them of one who had died on the cross for all men, and built an altar and said mass in their presence on the prairie. Again celebrating the mystery of the eucharist, on Easter Sunday, he took possession of the land in the name of Jesus Christ, and there founded a mission.

This work being accomplished, his health failed him, and he began a journey by way of Chicago to Mackinaw. On the way, feeling himself arrested by the approach of death, he entered a little river in Michigan, and was set on shore that he might breathe his last in peace. He repeated in solitude all his acts of devotion of the preceding days. When after a little while his companions returned to him, they found him passing gently away. On the highest bank of the stream the canoemen dug his grave. To a city, a county, and a river, Michigan has given his name. — *Adapted.*

DEFINITIONS. — Căl'u mĕt, *peace pipe of the Indians.* Chăs tīsed', *punished.* Ar'bĭ ter, *one who determines a controversy.* Māize, *Indian corn.* Păr'a gon, *equal.* Eū'eha rĭst, *the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blue from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

By Francis Parkman.

It was past the middle of May, 1609, and the expected warriors from the upper country had not come; a delay which seems to have given Champlain little concern, for, without waiting longer, he set forth with no better allies than a band of Montagnais. But, as he moved up the St. Lawrence, he saw, thickly clustered in the bordering forest, the lodges of an Indian camp, and, landing, found his Huron and Algonquin allies.

Few of them had ever seen a white man. They surrounded the steel-clad strangers in speechless wonderment. Champlain asked for their chief, and the staring throng moved with him toward a lodge where sat, not one chief, but two, for each band had its own. There were feasting, smoking, speeches; and, the needful ceremony over, all descended together to Quebec, for the strangers were bent on seeing those wonders of architecture whose fame had pierced the recesses of their forests.

On their arrival, they feasted their eyes and glutted their appetites; yelped consternation at the sharp explosion of the arquebus and the roar of the cannon; pitched their camps, and bedecked themselves for their war dance. In the still night, their fire glared against the black and jagged cliff, and the fierce red light fell on tawny limbs convulsed with frenzied gestures and ferocious stampings; on contorted visages, hideous with paint; on brandished weapons, stone war clubs, stone hatchets, and stone-pointed lances; while the drum kept up its hollow boom, and the air was split with mingled yells, till the horned

owl on Point Levi, startled at the sound, gave back a whoop no less discordant.

Stand with Champlain and view the war dance; sit with him at the war feast, — a close-packed company, ring within ring of ravenous feasters; then embark with him on his harebrained venture of discovery. It was in a small shallop, carrying, besides himself, eleven Frenchmen. They were armed with the arquebus, a matchlock or fire-lock somewhat like the modern carbine, and from its shortness not ill suited for use in the forest.

On the twenty-eighth of May, they spread their sails and held their course against the current, while around them the river was alive with canoes, and hundreds of naked arms plied the paddle with a steady, measured sweep. They crossed the Lake of St. Peter, threaded the devious channels among its many islands, and reached at last the mouth of the Rivière des Iroquois, since called the Richelieu, or the St. John.

On left and right stretched walls of verdure, fresh with the life of June. Now, aloft in the lonely air rose the cliffs of Belœil, and now, before them, framed in circling forests, the basin of Chambly spread its tranquil mirror, glittering in the sun. Shallop outsailed the canoes. Champlain, leaving his allies behind, crossed the basin and essayed to pursue his course; but as he listened in the stillness, the unwelcome noise of rapids reached his ear, and, by glimpses through the dark foliage of the Islets of St. John, he could see the gleam of snowy foam and the flash of hurrying waters.

Leaving the boat by the shore in charge of four men, he set forth with Marais, La Routte, and five others, to explore the wild before him. They pushed their tedious

way through the damps and shadows of the wood, through thickets and tangled vines, over mossy rocks and moldering logs. Still the hoarse surging of the rapids followed them; and when, parting the screen of foliage, they looked forth, they saw the river thick with rocks, where, plunging over ledges, gurgling under drift-logs, darting along clefts, and boiling in chasms, the angry waters filled the solitude with monotonous ravings.

Champlain, disconsolate, retraced his steps. He had learned the value of an Indian's word. His mendacious allies had promised him, that, throughout their course, his shallop could pass unobstructed. But should he abandon the adventure, and forego the discovery of that great lake, studded with islands and bordered with a fertile land of forests, which his red companions had traced in outline, and by word and sign had painted to his fancy?

When he reached the shallop, he found the whole savage crew gathered at the spot. He mildly rebuked their bad faith, but added, that, though they had deceived him, he, as far as might be, would fulfill his pledge, To this end he directed Marais, with the boat and the greater part of the men, to return to Quebec, while he, with two who offered to follow him, should proceed in the Indian canoes.

The warriors lifted their canoes from the water, and, in long procession through the forest, under the flickering sun and shade, bore them on their shoulders around the rapids to the smooth stream above. Here the chiefs made a muster of their forces, counting twenty-four canoes and sixty warriors. All embarked again, and advanced, the river widening as they went. Great islands appeared, leagues in extent: Isle a la Motte, Long Island, Grande Isle. Channels where ships might float, and broad reaches

of expanding water stretched between them, and Champlain entered the lake which preserves his name to posterity. Cumberland Head was passed, and from the opening of the great channel between Grande Isle and the main he could look forth on the wilderness sea. Edged with woods, the tranquil flood spread southward beyond the sight.

Far on the left, the forest ridges of the Green Mountains were heaved against the sun, patches of snow still glistening on their tops; and on the right rose the Adirondacks, haunts in these later years of amateur sportsmen from countingrooms or college halls, — nay, of adventurous beauty, with sketchbook and pencil. Then the Iroquois made them their hunting ground; and beyond, in the valleys of the Mohawk, the Onondaga, and the Genesee, stretched the long line of their five cantons and palisaded towns.

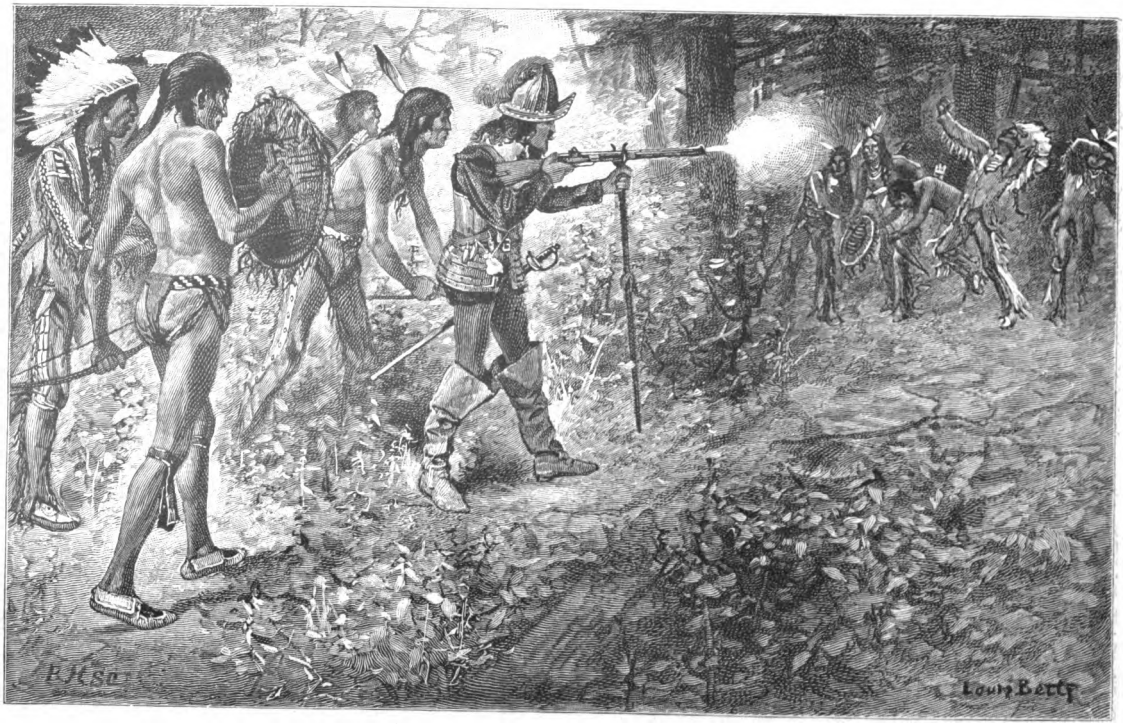
At night they were encamped again. The scene is a familiar one to many a tourist and sportsman; and, perhaps, standing at sunset on the peaceful strand, Champlain saw what a roving student of this generation has seen on the same shores, at that same hour, — the glow of the vanished sun behind the western mountains, darkly piled in mist and shadow along the sky; near at hand the dead pine, mighty in decay, stretching its ragged arms athwart the burning heaven, the crow perched on its top like an image carved in jet; and aloft, the night hawk, circling in his flight, and, with a strange whirring sound, diving through the air each moment for the insects he makes his prey.

The progress of the party was becoming dangerous. They changed their mode of advance, and moved only in

the night. All day they lay close in the depth of the forest. At twilight they embarked again, paddling their cautious way till the eastern sky began to redden. Their goal was the rocky promontory where Fort Ticonderoga was long afterward built. Thence, they would pass the outlet of Lake George, and launch their canoes again on that Como of the wilderness, whose waters, limpid as a fountain head, stretched far southward between their flanking mountains. Landing at the future site of Fort William Henry, they would carry their canoes through the forest to the river Hudson, and, descending it, attack, perhaps, some outlying town of the Mohawks. In the next century this chain of lakes and rivers became the grand highway of savage and civilized war: a bloody, debatable ground linked to memories of momentous conflicts.

The allies were spared so long a progress. It was ten o'clock in the evening of the twenty-ninth of July when they descried dark objects in motion on the lake before them. These were a flotilla of Iroquois canoes, heavier and slower than theirs, for they were made of oak bark. Each party saw the other, and the mingled war cries pealed over the darkened water. The Iroquois, who were near the shore, having no stomach for an aquatic battle, landed, and, making night hideous with their clamors, began to barricade themselves.

Champlain could see them in the woods, laboring like beavers, hacking down trees with iron axes taken from the Canadian tribes in war, and with stone hatchets of their own making, The allies remained on the lake, a bowshot from the hostile barricade, their canoes made fast together by poles lashed across. All night they



"The report startled the woods."

danced with as much vigor as the frailty of their vessels would permit, their throats making amends for the enforced restraint of their limbs. It was agreed on both sides that the fight should be deferred till daybreak; but meanwhile a commerce of abuse, sarcasm, menace, and boasting gave unceasing exercise to the lungs and fancy of the combatants, — "Much," says Champlain, "like the besiegers and besieged in a beleaguered town."

As day approached, he and his two followers put on the light armor of the time. Champlain wore the doublet and long hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a backpiece, while his thighs were protected by *cuisses* of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer, or ammunition box; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebus, which he had loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's War.

Each of the three Frenchmen was in a separate canoe, and, as it grew light, they kept themselves hidden, either by lying at the bottom or covering themselves with an Indian robe. The canoes approached the shore, and all landed without opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they presently could see filing out of their barricade, tall, strong men, some two hundred in number, of the boldest and fiercest warriors of North America.

They advanced through the forest with a steadiness which excited the admiration of Champlain. Among them could be seen several chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide,

and some were covered with a kind of armor made of tough twigs interlaced with a vegetable fiber supposed by Champlain to be cotton.

The allies, growing anxious, called with loud cries for their champion, and opened their ranks that he might pass to the front. He did so, and, advancing before his red companions in arms, stood revealed to the astonished gaze of the Iroquois, who, beholding the warlike apparition in their path, stared in mute amazement. But his arquebus was leveled; the report startled the woods; a chief fell dead, and another by his side rolled among the bushes. Then there rose from the allies a yell, which, says Champlain, would have drowned a thunderclap, and the forest was full of whizzing arrows.

For a moment the Iroquois stood firm and sent back their arrows lustily; but when another and another gunshot came from the thickets on their flank, they broke and fled in uncontrollable terror. Swifter than hounds, the allies tore through the bushes in pursuit. Some of the Iroquois were killed; more were taken. Camp, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned, and many weapons flung down in the panic flight. The arquebus had done its work. The victory was complete.

Thus did New France rush into collision with the redoubted warriors of the Five Nations. Here was the beginning, in some measure doubtless the cause, of a long suite of murderous conflicts, bearing havoc and flame to generations yet unborn.

— *From* "Pioneers of France in the New World."

NOTE. — The Iroquois Indians were called by the English the Five Nations. They lived in the central and northern parts of the present state of New York.

THE HUMBLEBEE.

By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Burly, dozing humblebee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum —
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou in sunny solitudes,

Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
And brier roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast

Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

PRAIRIE FIRES.

By George Catlin.

The prairies burning form some of the most beautiful scenes that are to be witnessed in this country, and also some of the most sublime. Every acre of these vast prairies (being covered for hundreds and hundreds of miles with a crop of grass which dies and dries in the fall) burns over during the fall or early in the spring, leaving the ground of a black and doleful color.

Over the elevated lands and prairie bluffs, where the grass is thin and short, the fire slowly creeps with a feeble flame, which one can easily step over; there the wild animals often rest in their lairs until the flames almost burn their noses, when they will reluctantly rise and leap over it, and trot off amongst the cinders, where the fire has passed and left the ground as black as jet. These scenes at night become indescribably beautiful, when their flames are seen at many miles' distance, creeping over the sides and tops of the bluffs, appearing to be sparkling and brilliant chains of liquid fire (the hills being lost to the view) hanging suspended in graceful festoons from the skies.

But there is yet another character of burning prairies, where the grass is seven or eight feet high, as is often the case for many miles together, on the Missouri bottoms, and the flames are driven forward by the hurricanes which

often sweep over the vast prairies of this denuded country. There are many of these meadows on the Missouri, the Platte, and the Arkansas, of many miles in breadth, which are perfectly level, with grass so high that we are obliged to stand erect in our stirrups in order to look over its waving tops, as we are riding through it.

The fire in these, before such a wind, travels at an immense and frightful rate, and often destroys, on their fleetest horses, parties of Indians who are so unlucky as to be overtaken by it; not that it travels as fast as a horse at full speed, but that the high grass is filled with wild pea-vines and other impediments which render it necessary for the rider to guide his horse in the zigzag paths of the deer and buffaloes, retarding his progress, until he is overtaken by the dense column of smoke that is swept before the fire. This alarms the horse, which stops and stands terrified and immutable, till the burning grass which is wafted in the wind falls about him, kindling up in a moment a thousand new fires, which are instantly wrapped in the swelling flood of smoke that is moving on like a black thunder cloud, rolling on the earth with its lightning's glare, and its thunder rumbling as it goes.

Ask the red savage of the wilds what is awful and sublime. Ask him what foe he has met that regarded not his frightening yells or his sinewy bow. Ask the lord of the land, who vauntingly challenges the thunder and lightning of Heaven, whether there is not one foe that travels over his land too swift for his feet and too mighty for his strength, at whose approach his stout heart sickens, and his strong-armed courage withers to nothing. Ask him again — "Hush! — sh! — sh! — that's medicine!"

I said to my comrades, as we were about to descend from the towering bluffs into the prairie, "We will take that buffalo trail, where the traveling herds have slashed down the high grass, and aim for that blue point, rising, as you can just discern, above this ocean of grass. A good day's work will bring us over this vast meadow before sunset." We entered the trail, and slowly progressed on our way, being obliged to follow the winding paths of the buffaloes, for the grass was higher than the backs of our horses.

Soon after we entered my Indian guide dismounted slowly from his horse, and, lying prostrate on the ground with his face in the dirt, he cried, and was talking to the Spirit of the brave : — "For," said he, "over this beautiful plain dwells the Spirit of Fire ! He rides in yonder cloud — his face blackens with rage at the sound of the trampling hoofs — the fire bow is in his hand — he draws it across the path of the Indian, and, quicker than lightning, a thousand flames rise to destroy him : such is the talk of my fathers, and the ground is whitened with their bones.

"It was here that the brave son of Wahchee'ton and the strong-armed warriors of his band, just twelve moons since, licked the fire from the blazing wand of that great magician. Their pointed spears were drawn upon the backs of the treacherous Sioux, whose swifter-flying horses led them in vain to the midst of this valley of death. A circular cloud sprang up from the prairie around them ! it was raised, and their doom was fixed by the Spirit of Fire ! It was on this vast plain of fire grass that waves over our heads that the swift foot of Mahto'ga was laid. It is here, also, that the fleet-bounding wild horse mingles

his bones with the red man ; and the eagle's wing is melted as he darts over its surface. Friends ! it is the season of fire ; and I fear from the smell of the wind that the Spirit is awake ! "

Red Thunder said no more, but mounted his wild horse, and, waving his hand, his red shoulders were seen rapidly vanishing as he glided through the thick mazes of waving grass. We were on his trail, and busily traced him until the midday sun had brought us to the ground, with our refreshments spread before us. He partook of them not, but stood like a statue, while his black eyes, in sullen silence, swept the horizon round ; and then, with a deep-drawn sigh he gracefully sunk to the earth, and laid with his face to the ground. Our buffalo tongues and pemmican and marrowfat were spread before us ; and we were in the full enjoyment of these dainties of the western world, when, quicker than the frightened elk, our Indian friend sprang upon his feet.

Red Thunder was on his feet — his long arm was stretched over the grass, and his blazing eyeballs starting from their sockets. " White man," said he, " see ye that small cloud lifting itself from the prairie ? he rises ! the hoofs of our horses have waked him ! The Fire Spirit is awake — this wind is from his nostrils, and his face is this way ! " No more — but his swift horse darted under him, and he slid gracefully over the waving grass as it was bent by the wind. Our viands were left, and we were swift on his trail. The extraordinary leaps of his wild horse occasionally raised his red shoulders to view, and he sank again in the waving billows of grass.

The tremulous wind was hurrying by us fast, and on it was borne the agitated wing of the soaring eagle. His

neck was stretched for the towering bluff, and the thrilling screams of his voice told the secret that was behind him. Our horses were swift, and we struggled hard; yet hope was feeble, for the bluff was yet blue, and nature nearly exhausted. The sunshine was dying, and a cool shadow was advancing over the plain. Not daring to look back, we strained every nerve.

The roar of a distant cataract seemed gradually advancing on us; the winds increased, the howling tempest was maddening behind us, and the swift-winged beetle and heath hens instinctively drew their straight lines over our heads. The fleet-bounding antelope passed us also; and the still swifter long-legged hare, who leaves but a shadow as he flies. Here was no time for thought, but I recollect the heavens were overcast, the distant thunder was heard, the lightning's glare was reddening the scene, and the smell that came on the winds struck terror to my soul! The piercing yell of my savage guide at this moment came back upon the winds — his robe was seen waving in the air, and his foaming horse leaping up the towering bluff.

Our breath and our sinews, in this last struggle for life, were just enough to bring us to its summit. We had risen from a sea of fire! "Great God!" I exclaimed, "how sublime to gaze into that valley, where the elements of nature are so strangely convulsed!" Ask not the poet or painter how it looked, for they can tell you not; but ask the naked savage, and watch the electric twinge of his manly nerves and muscles, as he pronounces the lengthened "hush—sh—," his hand on his mouth, and his glaring eyeballs looking you to the very soul!

I beheld beneath me an immense cloud of black smoke,

which extended from one extremity of this vast plain to the other, and seemed majestically to roll over its surface in a bed of liquid fire; and above this mighty desolation, as it rolled along, the whitened smoke, pale with terror, was streaming and rising up in magnificent cliffs to heaven! I stood secure but tremblingly, and heard the maddening wind, which hurled this monster o'er the land —I heard the roaring thunder, and saw its thousand lightnings flash; and then I saw behind the black and smoking desolation of this storm of fire!

—*From* "Manners and Customs of the North American Indians."

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

By Joaquin Miller.

We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover
Northward and southward, and west and away
To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

* * * * * * *

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
And the heavens of blue and the harvest of brown
And beautiful clover were welded as one,
To the right and the left, in the light of the sun.

"Forty full miles, if a foot, to ride,
Forty full miles, if a foot, and the devils
Of red Comanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels,
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at his steed,
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed —
"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you, if ever, for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride!
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three,
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red-spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, the companions of years,
Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse —

Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blew hollow and hoarse.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the arid earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles? . . . thirty miles . . . a dim distant speck . . .
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right —
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud

And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns, through the storm of his mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then — and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes,
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager eyes fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw sturdy Paché still lorded his head,
With a look of delight; for nor courage nor bride,
Nor naught but my bride, could have brought him to me.
For he was her father's, and at South Santa Fé
Had once won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride —
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war chief of his tribe —
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North Brazos side;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride

The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the North Brazos side,
And await her — and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now, as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape — a love — a desire —
Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
And the howling of beasts, and a sound as of thunder —
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them, and wove
her
Red hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died —
Till they died with a wild and desolate moan,
As a sea heartbroken on the hard brown stone. . . .
And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone —
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then, just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

DEFINITIONS. — Ma cheerş', tăp ĭ dă'rōş, cà tē'naş, sĕr'apes, *ornaments or articles of clothing worn or carried by the frontiersmen of the Southwest.* Cōltş, *a revolver, so-called from its inventor.*

RIP VAN WINKLE.

By Washington Irving.

I.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having

latticed windows and gabled fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors.

I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports,

made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

II.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them: — in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray,

or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow thicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces,

and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods — but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

III.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by

chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary ; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree ; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs ; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught ; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

IV.

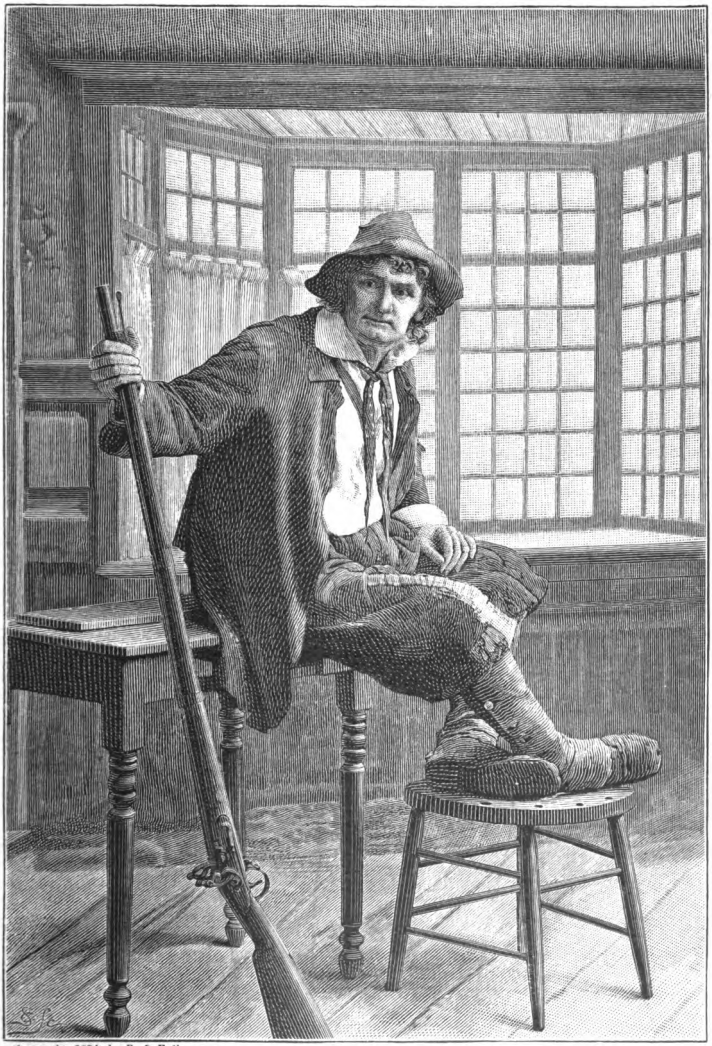
In a long ramble on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted

by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist — several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout



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Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle.

[illegible] the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time [illegible] the valley: everything was gradually ad[illegible] the mountains began to throw their long blue [illegible] the valley: he saw that it would be dark [illegible] he could reach the village: and he heaved a [illegible] which he thought of encountering the terrors [illegible] Van Winkle.

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keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted.

He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thundershowers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence ; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new subjects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of oddlooking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion ; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar ; one had a large head, broad face, and small

piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors.

There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a lace doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statuelike gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste

the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

V.

On waking, Rip found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at ninepins — the flagon — "Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip — "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten.

He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice: and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun;

he dreaded to meet his wife ; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long !

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered ; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him ; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly ! "

VI.

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and

buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — election — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he

passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in the squall at the

foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point! — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their

foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun and never has been heard of since — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since: she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

VII.

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half Moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the

great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he, himself, had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States.

Rip, in fact, was no politician ; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him ; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end ; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes ; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance. He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart.

Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins : and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

— *From* "The Sketch Book."

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

By Alice Cary.

Among the beautiful pictures
  That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
  That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
  Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden,
  That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
  That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
  And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
  Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
  It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
  With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim old forest,
  He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
  Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
  The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
  And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother,
  A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell, in his saintlike beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

VOICES OF ANIMALS.

By Louis Agassiz.

The voices of animals have a family character not to be mistaken. All the dog family bark and howl — the fox, the wolf, the dog, have the same kind of utterance, though on a somewhat different pitch. All the bears growl, from the white bear of the Arctic snows to the small black bear of the Andes. All the cats mew, from our quiet fireside companion to the lions and tigers and panthers of the forest and jungle.

This last may seem a strange assertion; but to any one who has listened critically to their sounds and analyzed their voices, the roar of the lion is but a gigantic mew, bearing about the same proportion to that of a cat as its stately and majestic form does to the smaller, softer, more peaceable aspect of the cat. Yet notwithstanding the

difference in their size, who can look at the lion, whether in his more sleepy mood, as he lies curled up in the corner of his cage, or in his fiercer moments of hunger or of rage, without being reminded of a cat? And this is not merely the resemblance of one carnivorous animal with another; for no one was ever reminded of a dog or wolf by a lion.

Again, all the horses and donkeys neigh; for the bray of a donkey is only a harsher neigh, pitched on a different key, it is true, but a sound of the same character — as the donkey himself is but a clumsy and dwarfish horse. All the cows low, from the buffalo roaming the prairie, the musk ox of the Arctic ice fields, or the yak of Asia, to the cattle feeding in our pastures.

Among the birds, this similarity of voice in families is still more marked. We need only recall the harsh and noisy parrots, so similar in their peculiar utterance. Or, take as an example the web-footed family. Do not all geese and the innumerable host of ducks quack? Does not every member of the crow family caw, whether it be the jackdaw, the jay, or the magpie, the rook in some green rookery of the Old World, or the crow of our woods, with its long, melancholy caw that seems to make the silence and solitude deeper? Compare all the sweet warblers of the songster family — the nightingales, the thrushes, the mockingbirds, the robins; they differ in the greater or less perfection of their note, but the same kind of voice runs through the whole group.

Can we suppose that characteristics like these have been communicated from one animal to another? When we find that all the members of one zoölogical family, however widely scattered over the surface of the earth,

inhabiting different continents and even different hemispheres, speak with one voice, must we believe that they have originated in the places where they now occur, with all their distinctive peculiarities?

Who taught the American thrush to sing like his European relative? He surely did not learn it from his cousin over the waters. We have much yet to learn from investigations of this kind, with reference not only to families among animals, but to nationalities among men also.

The similarity of motion in families is another subject well worth the consideration of the naturalist: — the soaring of the birds of prey, — the floating of the swallows, with their short cuts and angular turns, — the hopping of the sparrows, — the deliberate walk of the hens and the strut of the cocks, — the waddle of the ducks and geese, — the slow, heavy creeping of the land turtle, — the graceful flight of the sea turtle under the water, — the leaping and swimming of the frog, — the swift run of the lizard, like a flash of green or red light in the sunshine, — the dart of the pickerel, — the leap of the trout, — the fluttering flight of the butterfly, — the quivering poise of the humming bird, — the slow crawling of the snail, — the sideway movement of the sand crab, — the backward walk of the crawfish, — the almost imperceptible gliding of the sea anemone over the rock. In short, every family of animals has its characteristic action and its peculiar voice; and yet so little is this endless variety of rhythm and cadence both of motion and sound in the organic world understood, that we lack words to express one half its richness and beauty.

OWL AGAINST ROBIN.

By Sidney Lanier.

Frowning, the owl in the oak complained him
Sore, that the song of the robin restrained him
Wrongly of slumber, rudely of rest.
"From the north, from the east, from the south, and the west,
Woodland, wheat field, cornfield, clover,
Over and over and over and over,
Five o'clock, ten o'clock, twelve, or seven,
Nothing but robin songs heard under heaven:
How can we sleep?
"*Peep!* you whistle, and *cheep! cheep! cheep!*
Oh, peep if you will, and buy, if 'tis cheap,
And have done; for an owl must sleep.

"Are ye singing for fame, and who shall be first?
Each day's the same, yet the last is worst,
And the summer is cursed with the silly outburst
Of idiot redbreasts peeping and cheeping
By day, when all honest birds ought to be sleeping.
Lord, what a din! And so out of all reason.
Have ye not heard that each thing hath its season?
Night is to work in, night is for playtime;
Good heavens, not daytime!

"A vulgar flaunt is the flaring day,
The impudent, hot, unsparing day,
That leaves not a stain nor a secret untold —
Day the reporter, the gossip of old,
Deformity's tease, man's common scold —
Poh! Shut the eyes, let the sense go numb

When day down the eastern way has come.
'Tis clear as the moon (by the argument drawn
From Design) that the world should retire at dawn.

" Day kills. The leaf and the laborer breathe
Death in the sun, the cities seethe,
The mortal black marshes bubble with heat
And puff up pestilence ; nothing is sweet
Has to do with the sun : even virtue will taint
(Philosophers say) and manhood grow faint
In the lands where the villainous sun has sway
Through the livelong drag of the dreadful day.

" What Eden but noon light stares it tame,
Shadowless, brazen, forsaken of shame ?
For the sun tells lies on the landscape — now
Reports me the *what*, unrelieved with the *how* —
As messengers lie, with the facts alone,
Delivering the word and withholding the tone.

" But oh, the sweetness, and oh, the light
Of the high-fastidious night !
Oh, to awake with the wise old stars —
The cultured, the careful, the Chesterfield stars,
That wink at the workaday fact of crime,
And shine so rich through the ruins of time
That Baalbec is finer than London ; oh,
To sit on the bough that zigzags low
By the woodland pool,
And loudly laugh at man, the fool
That vows to the vulgar sun ; oh, rare,
To wheel from the wood to the window where
A day-worn sleeper is dreaming of care,

And perch on the sill and straightly stare
Through his visions; rare, to sail
Aslant with the hill and acurve with the vale —
To flit down the shadow-shot-with-gleam,
Betwixt hanging leaves and starlit stream,
Hither, thither, to and fro,
Silent, aimless, dayless, slow
(*Aimless? Field mice?* True, they're slain,
But the night philosophy hoots at pain,
Grips, eats quick, and drops the bones
In the water beneath the bough, nor moans
At the death life feeds on). Robin, pray
Come away, come away
To the cultus of night. Abandon the day.
Have more to think and have less to say.
And *cannot* you walk now? Bah, don't hop! Stop!
Look at the owl, scarce seen, scarce heard,
Oh irritant, iterant, maddening bird!"

— *From* "The Poems of Sidney Lanier," *by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.*

MY FIRST GEOLOGICAL TRIP.

By Sir Archibald Geikie.

We started off about noon, a goodly band of some eight or nine striplings, with two or three hammers and a few pence amongst us. We arrived at length at the limestone quarries. They had been opened along the slope of a gentle declivity. My companions rushed down the slope with a shout of triumph. For myself, I lingered a moment

on the top. With just a tinge of sadness in the thought, I felt that, though striking and picturesque beyond anything of the kind I had ever seen, this cavern was, after all, only a piece of human handiwork.

The heaps of rubbish around me, with the smoking kilns at one end and the clanking engine at the other, had no connection with beings of another world, but told only too plainly of ingenious, indefatigable man. The spell was broken forever, and as it fell to pieces I darted down the slope and rejoined my comrades.

They had already entered a cave, which was certainly vast and gloomy enough for whole legions of gnomes. Not a vestige of vegetation could we see. Away it stretched to the right and to the left in long vistas of gloom, broken by the light which, entering from other openings along the hillside, fell here and there on some hoary pillar, and finally vanished into the shade.

"But where are the petrified forests and fishes?" cried one of the party.

"Here!" "Here!" was shouted in reply from the top of the bank.

We made for the heap of broken stones whence the voices had come, and there, truly, on every block and every fragment fossils met our eye, sometimes so thickly grouped together that we could barely see the stone on which they lay. I bent over the mound, and the first fragment that turned up (my first-found fossil) was the one that excited the deepest interest.

The commander-in-chief of the excursion, who was regarded (perhaps as much from his bodily stature as for any other reason) an authority on these questions, pronounced my treasure-trove to be, unmistakably, a fish.

True, it seemed to lack head and tail and fins; the liveliest fancy amongst us hesitated as to which marks were the scales; and in after years I learned that it was really a vegetable — the seed-cone or catkin of a large extinct kind of club-moss; but, in the meantime, Tom had declared it to be a fish, and a fish it must assuredly be.

Like other schoolboys, I had, of course, had my lesson on geology in the usual meager cut-and-dried form in which physical science was then taught in our schools. I could repeat a "Table of Formations," and remembered the pictures of some uncouth monsters on the pages of our text-books — one with goggle eyes, no neck, and a preposterous tail; another with an unwieldy body and no tail at all, for which defect I had endeavored to compensate by inserting a long pipe into its mouth, receiving from our master (Ironsides, we called him) a hearty rap across the knuckles as a recompense.

But the notion that these pictures were the representation of actual, though now extinct, monsters; that the statements which seemed so dry and unintelligible in print were such as could be actually verified by our own eyes in nature; that, beneath and beyond the present creation, there lay around us the memorials of other creations not less glorious, and infinitely older, than our books or our teachers taught us, and that these memorials could be learned by looking at nature for ourselves — all this was strange to me. It came now for the first time like a new revelation — one that has gladdened my life ever since.

We worked on industriously at the rubbish heap, and found an untold sum of wonders. To our imagination, the plants, insects, shells, and fishes of our rambles met

us again in the rock. There was little that some one of the party could not explain, and thus our limestone became a more extraordinary gathering of organic remains, I will venture to say, than ever perturbed the brain of a geologist.

It did not occur at the time to any of us to inquire why a perch came to be embalmed among ivy and rose leaves; why a seashore whelk lay entwined in the folds of a butterfly; or why a beetle should seem to have been doing his utmost to dance a pirouette round the tooth of a fish.

All these questions came to be asked afterward, and then I saw how erroneous were my boyish identifications. But knowing little of the subject, I believed everything, and with implicit faith piled up dragon flies, ferns, fishes, beetle cases, violets, seaweeds, and shells.

Then came the packing up. Each had amassed a pile of specimens well-nigh as large as himself, and it was of course impossible to carry everything away. A rapid selection had therefore to be made. And oh! with how much reluctance were we compelled to relinquish many of the stones, the discovery whereof had made the opposite cavern ring again with our jubilee!

Not one of us had provided himself with a bag, and so we stowed away the treasures in our pockets. Surely practical geometry offers not a more perplexing problem than to gauge the capacity of these parts of a schoolboy's dress. We loaded ourselves to the full, and marched along with the fossils crowded into every available corner.

Such was my first geological excursion — a simple event enough, and yet the turning point in a life. Little

did I dream though, then, that those few hours in the old cave would decide my career. Thenceforward the rocks and their fossil treasures formed the chief subject of my everyday thoughts. That day stamped my fate, and I became a geologist.

DEFINITIONS. — Strĭp'lingş, *young lads.* Vĭs'taş, *avenues.* Fŏs'sĭlş, *remains of animals or plants found in stratified rocks.* Mēa'ger, *slender, imperfect.* Jū'bĭ lee, *joyful celebration.*

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another:
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, — a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

NOTE. — *King Francis.* This is supposed to have been Francis I. of France (b. 1494, d. 1547). He was devoted to sports of this nature.

SCENES AMONG THE PYRENEES MOUNTAINS.

By Hippolyte A. Taine.

A pretty streamlet slips down the mountain, between two walls of rounded stones all purple with poppies and wild mallows. Its fall has been turned to account in driving rows of saws incessantly back and forth over blocks of marble. A tall, barefooted girl in rags ladles up sand and water for wetting the machine; by the aid of the sand the iron blade eats away the block.

A footpath follows the river bank, lined with houses, huge oaks, and fields of Indian corn; on the other side of the river is an arid reach of pebbly shore, where children are paddling in the shallow water. On the transparent wave, flocks of ducks rock with the undulations of the current. It is the country and culture after solitude and the desert.

The pathway winds through a plantation of osiers and willows; the long, waving stalks that love the streams, the pale, pendant foliage, is infinitely graceful to eyes accustomed to the intense green of the mountains. On the right hand may be seen the narrow, rocky ways that lead to the hamlets scattered over the slopes. The houses there lean their backs against the mountains, shelved one above another, so as to look down upon the valley.

At noon the people are all out. Every door is closed; three or four old women, who alone are left in the village, are spreading grain upon the level rock which forms the street. What more singular than this long, natural flagstone, carpeted with gilded heads of grain. The dark,

narrow church rises from a terraced yard, inclosed by a low wall; the bell tower is white and square, with a slated spire.

Under the porch may be read a few epitaphs carved in the stone. It is touching to read these words of sympathy graven upon a tomb. This sunlight is so sweet, the valley so beautiful, you seem to breathe health in the air; you want to live. The love of life is imparted with the love of light. How often beneath the gloomy northern sky do we form a similar desire?

At the turn of the mountain is the entrance into an oak wood that rises on one of the declivities. These lofty, roomy forests give to the south shade without coolness. High up among the trunks shines a patch of blue sky; light and shade dapple the gray moss like a silken design upon a velvet ground. A heavy, warm air, loaded with vegetable odors, rises to the face and affects the head like wine.

The monotonous sound of the cricket and the grasshopper comes from wheat land and meadow, from mountain and from plain; you feel that living myriads are at work among the heather and under the thatch; and in the veins, where ferments the blood, courses a vague sensation of comfort, which steeps the soul in animal life, and stifles thought under the dull impressions of the senses.

You lie down and are content with merely living; you do not note the passage of the hours, but you are happy in the present moment without thinking of past or future; you gaze upon the slender sprigs of moss, the grayish spikes of the grasses, the long ribbons of the shining herbs; you follow the course of an insect striv-

ing to get over a thicket of turf, and clambering up and down in the labyrinth of its stalks. Why not confess that you have become a child again, and are amused with the least of sights?

— *From* "Travels in the Pyrenees."

DEFINITIONS.—Măl'lōw, *a plant with soft, downy leaves; so called from its supposed ability to soothe pain. It is from a Greek word meaning to soothe.* Ō'şier, *a kind of willow tree from the twigs of which baskets are made.* Ĕp'i tăph, *a writing on a monument in memory of the dead.*

GLACIERS.

Snow consists of crystals of ice, which look white only because they do not lie perfectly close; for when the air is squeezed out, they adhere together and form a lump of transparent ice. The snow which accumulates on the heel of one's boot is converted into ice by pressure; and the vast quantities of snow which fall and accumulate among the mountains, are similarly converted into ice by their own weight, which also helps them to creep down the mountain sides into the valleys, where the warmer air changes them once more into water.

If the glaciers, as these rivers of ice are called, remained stationary high up among the mountains, they would go on increasing in thickness year by year, as they received fresh additions of snow; and year by year, as its waters were locked up in the form of ice, the ocean would sink lower and lower.

Glaciers, then, may be called rivers of ice; but unlike other rivers, they are able to move uphill as well as down: and while at one time they descend into deep basins, at another they ascend hills several hundred feet high.

Their rate of motion is very slow, and slower in winter than in summer, being sometimes only a few inches, and sometimes two feet or more in the course of the day ; but it never ceases entirely.

The fresh additions of snow which it is constantly receiving at its upper end, are forever pushing it on, urging it down the steep slopes and, more slowly, up the hills ; and the motion is helped by the expansion and contraction of the ice with each variation of temperature, day and night, winter and summer. Every time it expands it must creep onward, be it ever so little ; and when it contracts again, it cannot retreat up the slope against the enormous weight always pressing it downwards and onwards.

Then, too, it seems probable that the freezing and consequent expansion of the molecules of water, which must drain into it whenever the surface is ever so slightly melted, also help to urge the glacier onward.

The glacier's motion, like that of a river, is greatest on the surface, and greater in the middle than at the sides ; and what with the strain resulting from this unequal motion, and the extremely rough, uneven character of its bed, its surface is also rough, and rent with cracks and fissures of all sizes, from a few inches to several feet across.

Looking down upon it from a height, we should generally see on either side of the glacier a dark line, which, on closer examination, would prove to be a mound of rocky fragments, large and small, and huge blocks, many tons in weight, which have fallen from the cliffs and mountains bounding it on either side, and are thus gradually being carried down into the valley.

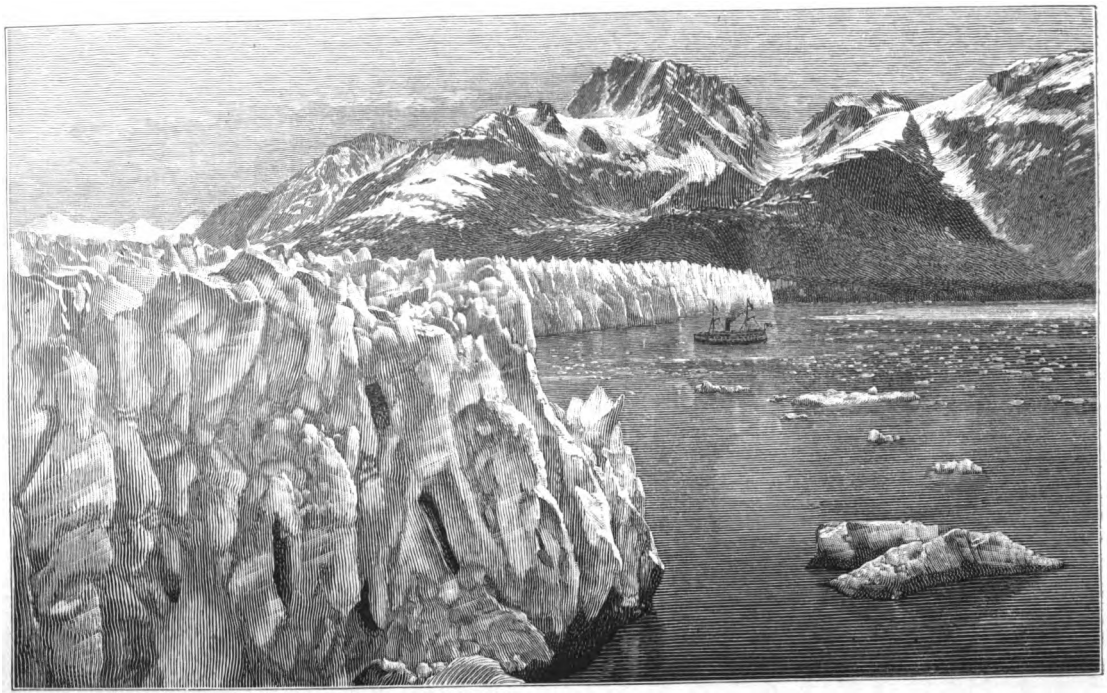
Thousands of tons of rock and rubbish are continually falling from the heights above ; and when two glaciers meet, the two nearest "moraines," as these rubbish mounds are called, join together and form a central moraine, often twenty or thirty feet high. The three moraines then travel on together to the end of the glacier, where the ice melts and drops them, forming a "terminal moraine," perhaps eighty or a hundred feet high.

But glaciers, like rivers, are "dust makers" as well as "dust carriers"; for the joints which exist in all rocks make it easy both for running water and ice to force the blocks out of their places ; and then, besides the immense heaps of rubbish which the glacier carries on its surface, large quantities also fall into its cracks and fissures, and, being jammed in between the ice and its bed, are pressed against the rocks by all the weight of the mass above.

These fragments of stone are, in fact, the glacier's tools, which it holds fast with more than a giant's grip and strength, and with which it either smooths and rounds the rocks over which it passes, or else scores them with deep grooves and ruts.

In the summer, when the glacier shrinks away from the sides of its bed, it is possible to creep in below the ice and to see both the long scratches made on the rocks and how finely these have been smoothed and polished by the sand, mud, and smaller stones, which result from the perpetual grinding of this mighty millstone.

Streams of water flow beneath every glacier, and, gushing forth at its foot, densely charged with the finest mud, form the sources of many a river ; but the pebbles conveyed by a glacier stream differ from those of other streams in that they are angular.



Glaciers.

The glacier is not nearly such a neat workman as the river; for instead of sorting its load, dropping the larger pebbles here, the smaller there, the gravel in one place and the fine sand in another, the glacier drops its immense piles of sand, grit, stones, huge slabs, and rocks all together, and heaps them up anyhow into one great mound.

In other respects the action of the glacier is so like that of the river, that, but for the peculiar tokens of its presence in the shape of rounded, scratched, and polished rocks, there would often be some difficulty in deciding which of the two had been at work.

The perpetual grinding of the glacier millstone against the rocks, which produces the "stone meal," as it is called, naturally deepens its bed year by year: and in the course of centuries, if the supply of snow continues, it will scoop out deep channels with perpendicular cliffs.

Then, if such a change of climate should take place as has occurred many times in the earth's history, the glacier will either melt away altogether or shrink higher up among the mountains, and its former bed will become a valley with, perhaps, a glacier stream running at the bottom, and here and there some of the rounded rocks, which, from their fancied resemblance to sheep, the Swiss call "sheep rocks" (*roches moutonnées*).

But if the glacier terminates on the coast instead of inland, something else may happen; for if the land sinks — a thing which has often taken place — then, as the glacier retreats, the sea will flow in and occupy its bed, and instead of a valley there will be a fiord. The wonderful series of fiords by which the coast of Norway is broken, and those of Patagonia, British Columbia, and Greenland, have all been thus slowly engraved by glaciers.

SPARROWS.

By Adeline D. T. Whitney.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter, and flitter, and fold their wings;
May be they think that, for them and their sires,
Stretched always, on purpose, those wonderful strings:
And, perhaps, the Thought that the world inspires,
Did plan for the birds, among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under their feet, —
How value rises, and how declines,
How kings with their armies in battle meet, —
And, all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossipings, foolish, sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives, —
Hopes, and joys, and acts of to-day, —
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say.
Yet, from end to end, His meaning arrives,
And His word runs underneath, all the way.

Is life only wires and lightning, then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the thoughts, and the works, and the prayers of men
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph strings,
Holding a moment, and gone again?
Nay; He planned for the birds, with the larger things.

THE TOWN PUMP.

By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Scene. — *The corner of two principal streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.*

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers, chosen at the yearly meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump?

The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front.

To speak within bounds, I am chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I

hold a lantern over my head, to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the public square, on a muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. "Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam! better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay. Walk up, gentlemen, walk up and help yourselves!"

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen. Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all — in the fashion of a jelly fish.

Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent.

Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite into steam in the miniature Tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any other kind of dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and whenever you are thirsty, recollect that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are just let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life; take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now.

There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars.

Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come all the way from Staunton, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business gives me more pleasure than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe, with sighs of calm enjoyment! Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

I hold myself the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of a vast portion of its crime and anguish, which have gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

Ahem! Dry work this speechifying, especially to all unpracticed orators. I never conceived till now what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. But to proceed.

The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious partnership that shall finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

Then there will be no war of households. The hus-

band and the wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of a drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Drink, then, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as when it slaked the thirst of the red hunter, and flowed beneath the aged bough, though now this gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. But, still is this fountain the source of health, peace, and happiness, and I behold, with certainty and joy, the approach of the period when the virtues of cold water, too little valued since our father's day, will be fully appreciated and recognized by all.

THE VENOMOUS WORM.

By John Russell.

Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or copperhead? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil; but there is a species of worm, found in various parts of this country, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly that, compared with it, even the venom of the rattlesnake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind is the object of this lesson.

This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an

inch in diameter, but, as it is rarely seen except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dull lead color, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of India to shun the deadly cobra.

Several of these reptiles have long infested our settlements, to the misery and destruction of many of our fellow-citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtile poison which this worm infuses.

The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs his utterance; and delirium of the most horrid character quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends.

If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he exhibits, to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and such is the spell in which his senses are locked, that no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm of insanity occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the destroyer for the sole purpose of being bitten again.

I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his step slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope

that his son would be the "staff of his declining years," had supported him through many a sorrow.

Youths of America, would you know the name of this reptile? It is called the WORM OF THE STILL.

DEFINITIONS. — Cō'bra, *a highly venomous reptile inhabiting the East Indies.* Păr'ox ỹsm, *a fit, a convulsion.* Wŏrm, *a spiral metallic pipe used in distilling liquors.* Stĭll, *a vessel used in distilling or making liquors.*

RESULTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

I believe the poverty out of the almshouse, produced by intemperance, is greater, in the amount of suffering which it occasions, than the poverty in the almshouse. To the victims of drunkenness, whom it has conducted to the almshouse, one bitter ingredient of the cup is spared. The sense of shame and the struggles of honest pride are at length over. But take the case of a person whose family is dependent on the joint labor of its heads. Suppose the man a hard-working mechanic or farmer, the woman an industrious housewife, and the family supported by their united labor, frugality, and diligence.

The man, as the phrase is, "takes to drink." What happens? The immediate consequence is, that the cost of the liquor which he consumes is taken from the fund which was before barely adequate for their support. They must therefore reduce some other part of their expenditure. They have no luxuries, and must, accordingly, pinch in the frugal comforts and necessaries of life, in wholesome food, in decent clothing, in fuel, in the education of the children.

As the habit of excess increases, there must be more and more of this melancholy retrenchment. The old clothes, already worn out, must be worn longer; the daily fare, none too good at the beginning, becomes daily more meager and scanty; the leak in the roof for want of a nail, a shingle, or a bit of board, grows wider every winter; the number of panes of broken glass, whose place is poorly supplied with old hats and rags, daily increases; but not so the size of the unreplenished woodpile.

Before long, the children are kept from school for want of books and clothing; and, at length, the wretched family are ashamed to show their sordid tatters in the church on the Sabbath day. Meantime, the fund for the support of the family, the labor of its head, although burdened with a constantly growing charge for liquor, is diminished, in consequence of the decline of his health, strength, and vigor. He is constantly earning less; and, of what he earns, constantly consuming more unproductively — destructively.

Let this process proceed a year or two, and see to what they are reduced, and how poverty passes into crime. Look into his hovel — for such by this time it is — when he comes home on Saturday evening, the wages of his week's labor already squandered in excess. Not wholly intoxicated, he is yet heated with liquor and craves more. Listen to the brutal clamors, accompanied by threats and oaths, with which he demands of his family the food which they have been able to procure neither for themselves nor for him.

See the poor, grown up children — boys and girls, perhaps young men and women, old enough to feel the shame as well as the misery of their heritage — without a

tinge of health upon their cheeks, without a spark of youthful cheerfulness in their eyes, silent and terrified, creeping, supperless, for the night, to their wretched garret, to escape outrage, curses, and blows from the author of their being.

Do I paint from the imagination, or do I paint from nature? Am I sporting with your feelings, or might I heighten the picture, and yet spare you many a heart sickening trait from real life?

SHORT SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

The Greenwood Tree.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

— *From* "As You Like It."

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strained, —
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed, —
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway, —
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

— *From* "The Merchant of Venice."

Winter.

When icicles hang by the wall
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
    Tuwhoo !
Tuwhit ! tuwhoo ! A merry note !
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
  And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
  And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl —

Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

— *From* "Love's Labor's Lost."

Early Dawn.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

— *From* "Cymbeline."

A Good Conscience.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

— *From* "King Henry VI."

The Dirge from Imogen.

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
  Nor th' all-dreaded thunderstone;
Fear no slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

— *From* "Cymbeline."

A Good Name.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

— *From* "Othello."

JOAN OF ARC.

By John Richard Green.

Jeannette d'Arc was the child of a laborer of Domremy, a little village in the neighborhood of Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne; in other words, of France. Just without the little cottage where she was born began the great woods of the Vosges, where the children of Domremy drank in poetry and legend from fairy ring and haunted well, hung their flower garlands on the sacred trees, and sang songs to the "good people" who might not drink of the fountain because of their sins. Jeanne loved the forest; its birds and beasts came lovingly to her at her childish call. But at home men saw nothing in her but "a good girl, simple and pleasant in her ways," spinning and sewing by her mother's side while the other girls went to the fields, tender to the poor and sick, fond of church, and listening to the church bell with a dreamy passion of delight which never left her.

Her whole nature summed itself up in one absorbing passion: she "had pity," to use the phrase forever on her lip, "on the fair realm of France." As her passion grew, she recalled old prophecies that a maid from the Lorraine border should save the land. She saw visions: Saint Michael appeared to her in a flood of blinding light, and bade her go to the help of the king and restore to him his realm.

"Messire," answered the girl, "I am but a poor maiden; I know not how to ride to the wars, or to lead men at arms." The archangel returned to give her

courage, and to tell her of "the pity" that there was in heaven for the fair realm of France.

The girl wept, and longed that the angels who had appeared to her would carry her away, but her mission was clear. It was in vain that her father, when he heard her purpose, swore to drown her ere she should go to the field with men at arms. It was in vain that the priest, the wise people of the village, the captain of Vaucouleurs, doubted and refused to aid her. "I must go to the king," persisted the peasant girl, "even if I wear my limbs to the very knees. I had far rather rest and spin by my mother's side," she pleaded with a touching pathos, "for this is no work of my choosing; but I must go and do it, for my Lord wills it." "And who," they asked, "is your Lord?" "He is God."

Words such as these touched the rough captain at last: he took Jeanne by the hand, and swore to lead her to the king. At the court itself she found hesitation and doubt. The theologians proved from their books that they ought not to believe her. "There is more in God's book than in yours," Jeanne answered simply. At last the Dauphin received her in the midst of a throng of nobles and soldiers. "Gentle Dauphin," said the girl, "my name is Jehan the Maid. The Heavenly King sends me to tell you that you shall be anointed and crowned in the town of Rheims, and you shall be lieutenant of the Heavenly King, who is the King of France."

Orleans had already been driven by famine to offers of surrender when Jeanne appeared in the French Court. The girl was in her eighteenth year, tall, finely formed, with all the vigor and activity of her peasant rearing, able to stay from dawn to nightfall on horseback without

"The people crowded round her as she rode along."

meat or drink. As she mounted her charger, clad in white armor from head to foot, with the great white banner studded with fleur-de-lis waving over her head, she seemed "a thing wholly divine, whether to see or hear." The ten thousand men at arms who followed her from Chinon, rough plunderers, whose only prayer was that of La Hire: "Sire Dieu, I pray you to do for La Hire what La Hire would do for you, were you captain at arms and he God," left off their oaths and foul living at her word, and gathered round the altars on their march. Her shrewd peasant humor helped her to manage the wild soldiery, and her followers laughed over their camp fires at the old warrior who had been so puzzled by her prohibition of oaths that she suffered him still to swear by his baton.

In the midst of her enthusiasm her good sense never left her. The people crowded round her as she rode along, praying her to work miracles, and bringing crosses and chaplets to be blessed by her touch. "Touch them yourself," she said to an old dame, "your touch will be just as good as mine." But her faith in her mission remained as firm as ever. "The Maid prays and requires you," she wrote to Bedford, "to work no more distraction in France, but to come in her company to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the Turk." "I bring you," she told Dunois when he sallied out of Orleans to meet her, "the best aid ever sent to any one,— the aid of the King of Heaven."

The besiegers looked on overawed as she led her force unopposed through their lines into Orleans, and, riding round the walls, bade the people look fearlessly on the dreaded forts which surrounded them. Her enthusiasm drove the hesitating generals to engage the handful of

besiegers, and the enormous disproportion of forces at once made itself felt. Fort after fort was taken, till only the Tournelle remained, and then the council of war resolved to adjourn the attack. "You have taken your council," replied Jeanne, "and I take mine." Placing herself at the head of the men at arms, she ordered the gates to be thrown open, and led them against the fort.

Few as they were, the English fought desperately, and the Maid, who had fallen wounded while endeavoring to scale its walls, was borne into a vineyard, while Dunois sounded the retreat. "Wait awhile!" the girl imperiously pleaded; "eat and drink! so soon as my standard touches the wall you shall enter the fort." It touched, and the assailants burst in.

On the next day the siege was abandoned, and the force which had conducted it withdrew in good order to the North. In the midst of her triumph, Jeanne still remained the pure, tender-hearted peasant girl of the Vosges. Her first visit as she entered Orleans was to the great church, and there, as she knelt at mass, she wept in such a passion of devotion that "all the people wept with her."

With the coronation of the Dauphin, the maid felt her errand to be over. "O gentle King, the pleasure of God is done," she cried, as she flung herself at the feet of Charles the Seventh and asked leave to go home. "Would it were His pleasure," she pleaded with the archbishop as he forced her to remain, "that I might go and keep sheep once more with my sisters and my brothers; they would be so glad to see me again."

The policy of the French Court detained her while the cities of the north of France opened their gates to the newly consecrated king. Bedford, however, who had been

left without money or men, had now received reënforcements, and Charles, after a repulse before the walls of Paris, fell back behind the Loire, while the towns on the Oise submitted again to the Duke of Burgundy. In this later struggle Jeanne fought with her usual bravery, but with the fatal consciousness that her mission was at an end; and soon she fell into the hands of the English.

To the English her triumphs were victories of sorcery, and after a year's imprisonment she was brought to trial on a charge of heresy, before an ecclesiastical court, with the Bishop of Beauvais at its head. Throughout the long process which followed, every art was employed to entangle her in her talk. But the simple shrewdness of the peasant girl foiled the efforts of her judges. Sick, however, and deprived of all religious aid, it was no wonder that, as the long trial dragged on, and question followed question, Jeanne's firmness wavered.

On the charge of sorcery and diabolical possession, she still appealed firmly to God. "I hold to my Judge," she said, as her earthly judges gave sentence against her, "to the King of Heaven and Earth. God has always been my Lord in all that I have done. The devil has never had power over me."

A great pile was raised in the market place of Rouen, where her statue stands now. Even the brutal soldiers, who snatched the hated "witch" from the hands of the clergy and hurried her to her doom, were hushed as she reached the stake. One, indeed, passed to her a rough cross he had made from a stick he held, and she clasped it to her bosom. "Oh! Rouen, Rouen," she was heard to murmur, as her eyes ranged over the city fron the lofty scaffold, "I have great fear lest you suffer from my death."

"Yes! my voices were of God!" she suddenly cried as the last moments came; "they have never deceived me!" Soon the flames reached her; the girl's head sunk on her breast; there was one cry of "Jesus!" — "We are lost," an English soldier muttered, as the crowd broke up; "we have burned a Saint."

—*From* "A Short History of the English People."

NOTES. — It was during the Hundred Years' War, in 1429, between England and France, that Joan of Arc went to her task of achieving the coronation of the Dauphin (the name given in France to the royal heir apparent), afterward Charles VII. The crown of France was claimed for Henry VI., infant King of England, by the Duke of Bedford, Regent and Commander-in-chief. *Jeannette d'Arc* (Zhänet Dark'), the earlier French name of Joan of Arc.

St. Michael. The name means "God's power." Milton makes this archangel the leader of the heavenly host in the war in heaven.

La Hire (Lah Heer'), a French commander, born 1390, died 1443.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldiers' last tattoo:
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few:
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with hallowed round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts,
Of loved ones left behind;

No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms ;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud :
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past.
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps the broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was, "Victory or death!"

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,

For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain ;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide :
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain ;
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air !
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave ;
She claims from war his richest spoil, —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field ;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield ;
The sunlight of their native sky
Shines sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

NOTE. — These verses were written to commemorate the reinterment, in the State Cemetery at Frankfort, of many of the Kentucky soldiers who had perished in the Mexican War.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends.

The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak, as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or security to his own life and his own honor! Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague, near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off

from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but *outlaws?*

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I *know* we do not mean to submit. We NEVER *shall submit!* Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty; may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us

has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things, which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former, she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, do we not change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory.

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people — the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Sir, the declaration of independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let *them* see it, who saw their brothers and their

sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see — I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so: be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the *hope* of a country, and that a FREE *country*.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured — be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, — copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and,

by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.

NOTES. — Mr. Webster, in a speech upon the life and character of John Adams, imagines some one opposed to the Declaration of Independence to have stated his fears and objections before Congress while deliberating on that subject. He then supposes Mr. Adams to have replied in the language above.

The quotation is from "Hamlet," Act. V., Scene 2.

You, sir, who sit in that chair. This was addressed to John Hancock, president of the Continental Congress. *Our venerable colleague* refers to Samuel Adams. After the battles of Concord and Lexington, Governor Gage offered pardon to all the rebels who would lay down their arms, excepting Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there:
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,

And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven ; —
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high !
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm, that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,

Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float the standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

By William Wirt.

The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be chiefly his own work. Rely upon it that the ancients were right; both in morals and intellect we give the final shape to our characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortune. How else could it happen that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies?

Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candi-

date. You will see issuing from the walls of the same college, nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, of whom one will be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you will see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you will observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction; but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction.

And of this be assured, I speak from observation a certain truth: THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT GREAT LABOR. It is the fiat of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve you.

Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure in that empyreal region with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investiga-

tion, this careering and wide spreading comprehension of mind, and these long reaches of thought that

> "Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
> Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;"

this is the prowess, and these are the hardy achievements which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

DEFINITIONS. — Mŏr'al, *relating to duty or obligation.* Ar'ehi tĕets, *builders, makers.* Dĕs'ti ny, *ultimate fate, appointed condition.* Gēn'ius (*pro.* jēn'yus), *a man of superior intellectual powers.* Mē di ŏe'ri ty, *a middle state or degree of talents.* Mē'di ō ere (*pro.* mē'dĭ ō kr), *a man of moderate talents.* Fī'at, *a decree.* Em pŷr'e al, *relating to the highest and purest region of the heavens.* Ca reer'ing, *moving rapidly.*

NOTES. — *Chimborazo* (*pro.* chim bo rä'zo), is an extinct volcano in Ecuador, whose height is 20,517 feet above the sea.

The quotation is from Shakespeare's "King Henry IV.," Part I., Act 1, Scene 3.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty: who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the water stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains ; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over ; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field ; the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches. He watereth the hills from his chambers ; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He caused the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth ; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap ; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted, where the birds make their nests : as for the stork, the fir trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons ; the sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the

ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure forever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

— *Extracts from the* Bible.

HERVÉ RIEL.

By Robert Browning.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville:
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way —
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
Not a minute more to wait!
"Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid all these —
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate — first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete,
But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the fleet —
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river
disembogues!
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than
fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head!" cries
Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief.
Still the north wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel holloas "Anchor!" sure as fate
Up the English come—too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes—
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done —
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run? —
Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence England
bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle
Aurore!

NOTES.— This poem was written in 1871, and the money (£100) received for it was contributed to the fund for supplying the poor of Paris with food after the siege by the Germans.

Cap la Hogue is a cape on the coast of Holland, about thirty miles from the Hague. The battle referred to was fought May 19, 1692, and resulted in the total defeat of the French fleet by the combined forces of the English and the Dutch. Several of the French ships were captured or destroyed; others escaped, as narrated in the poem.

Saint-Malo is a town and fortification on an island at the mouth of the Rance River, on the coast of France. Its harbor is dry at low tide, but at high tide the water stands forty feet deep.

Tourville was a French admiral and marshal (1642–1701), who afterwards revenged the defeat at La Hogue.

Damfreville, the commander of the French fleet.

Malouins, people of Saint-Malo.

Pressed by Tourville, made to serve against his will.

Croisickese. An inhabitant of Croisic, a small fishing village near the mouth of the Loire. This poem was written in that village.

Grève is a great extent of sandy shallows, laid bare for four or five hours during ebb tide.

Holiday.— Hervé Riel was not quite so modest in his asking as the poet would have us believe. The fact is that he demanded and obtained permission to spend *the remainder of his life* at home.

LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.

By Richard O'Gorman.

The Declaration of American Independence was a declaration of war with Great Britain, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. There were fearful odds against the colonies when they threw down the gauge of battle. On one side was England — strong in the consciousness of wealth and power, strong in the prestige of sovereignty, fully armed and equipped for war, insolent, haughty, scorning even to entertain the idea of possible check or defeat. On the other side, the thirteen colonies, stretching, for the most part, along the seaboard, vulnerable at a hundred points, and open to attack by sea and land, without army, without navy, without money or ammunition or material of war, having for troops only crowds of undisciplined citizens, who had left for a while plow and anvil and hurried to the front with what arms they could lay hands on to fight the veterans of King George, skilled in their terrible trade by long service in European wars.

On the second of July, 1776, the Continental Congress was in session in Philadelphia. There were about forty-nine delegates present. That day was a day of gloom. The air was dark and heavy with ill news. Ill news from the North — Montgomery had fallen at Quebec, and the expedition against Canada had miserably failed; ill news from the South — a fleet of British men-of-war had crossed the bar of Charleston, South Carolina; ill news from New York — Lord Howe's ships were riding in the Lower Bay, and the British army of thirty thousand men menaced the city with attack. From all sides came ill tidings. Everywhere doubt and suspicion and despondency. It was a

dark and gloomy time, when even the boldest might well be forgiven for losing heart.

Such was the hour when Congress entered upon the consideration of the great question on which hung the fate of a continent. There were some who clung still to British connection. The king might relent — conciliation was not impossible — a monarchical form of government was dear to them. The past of England was their past, and they were loath to lose it. Then, war was a terrible alternative. They saw the precipice, and they shuddered and started back appalled.

But on the other side were the men of the hour — the men of the people, who listened to the voice of the people, and felt the throbbing of the people's great heart. They, too, saw the precipice. Their eyes fathomed all the depth of the black abyss, but they saw beyond the glorious vision of the coming years. They saw countless happy homes stretching far and wide across a continent, wherein should dwell for ages generation after generation of men nurtured in strength and virtue and prosperity by the light and warmth of freedom.

Remember that between the thirteen colonies there were then but few ties. They differed in many things; in race, religion, climate, productions, and habits of thought, as much then as they do now. One grand purpose alone knit their souls together, North to South, Adams of Massachusetts to Jefferson of Virginia — the holy purpose of building up here, for them and their children, a free nation to be the example, the model, the citadel of freedom; or, failing in that, to die and be forgotten, or remembered only with the stain of rebellion on their names.

The counsel of these brave and generous men prevailed. Some light from the better world illumined their souls and strengthened their hearts. Behind them surged and beat the great tide of popular enthusiasm. The people, ever alive to heroic purpose; the people whose honest instincts are often the wisest statesmanship — the people waited but for the word; ready to fight, ready to die, if need be, for independence. And so God's will was done upon the earth.

The word was spoken, the "Declaration" was made that gave life and name to the "United States of America," and a new nation breathed and looked into the future, daring all the best or the worst that future might bring. If that declaration became a signal of rescue and relief to countries far away, what word can describe the miracles it has wrought for this people here at home? It was a spell, a talisman, an armor of proof, and a sword of victory. The undisciplined throng of citizen soldiers, taught in the stern school of hardship and reverse, soon grew to be a great army, before which the veterans of Britain recoiled.

Europe, surprised into sympathy with rebellion, sent her best and bravest here to fight the battle of freedom, and Lafayette of France, De Kalb of Germany, Kosciusko of Poland, and their compeers, drew their bright swords in the ranks of the young republic. Best support of all was that calm, fearless, steadfast soul, which, undismayed in the midst of peril and disaster, undaunted amid wreck and ruin, stood like a tower, reflecting all that was best and noblest in the character of the American people, and personifying its resolute will. Happy is that nation to whom, in its hour of need, bountiful Heaven provides a

leader so brave and wise, so suited to guide and rule, as was, in that early crisis of the American republic, its foremost man — George Washington.

Thus, from the baptism of blood, the young nation came forth purified, triumphant, free. Then the mystic influence, the magic of her accomplished freedom, began to work, and the thoughts of men, and the powers of earth and air and sea, began to do her bidding and cast their treasures at her feet.

From the thirteen parent colonies thirty-eight great states and territories have been born. At first a broad land of forest and prairie stretched far and wide, needing only the labor of man to render it fruitful. Men came; across the Atlantic, breasting its storms, sped mighty fleets, carrying hither brigades and divisions of the grand army of labor. On they came, in columns mightier than ever king led to battle — in columns millions strong — to conquer a continent, not to havoc and desolation, but to fertility and wealth, and order and happiness.

They came from field and forest in the noble German land from where, amid cornfield and vineyard and flowers, the lordly Rhine flows proudly towards the sea; from Ireland — from heath-covered hill and grassy valley, from where the giant cliffs standing as sentinel for Europe meet the first shock of the Atlantic and hurl back its surges broken and shattered in foam. From France and Switzerland, from Italy and Sweden, from all the winds of heaven, they came; and as their battle line advanced, the desert fell back subdued, and in its stead sprang up corn and fruit, the olive and the vine, and gardens that blossomed like the rose.

Of triumphs like these who can estimate the value?

The population of three millions a hundred years ago has risen to forty-three millions to-day. We have great cities, great manufactures, great commerce, great wealth, great luxury and splendor. Seventy-four thousand miles of railway conquer distance, and make all our citizens neighbors to one another. All these things are great and good, and can be turned to good. But they are not all. Whatever fate may befall this republic, whatever vicissitudes or disasters may be before her, this praise, at least, can never be denied to her, this glory she has won forever, that for one hundred years she has been hospitable and generous; that she gave to the stranger a welcome — opened to him all the treasures of her liberty, gave him free scope for all his ability, a free career, and fair play.

And this it is that most endears this republic to other nations, and has made fast friends for her in the homes of the people all over the earth; not her riches, nor her nuggets of gold, not her mountains of silver, not her prodigies of mechanical skill, great and valuable though these things be.

It is this that most of all makes her name beloved and honored; that she has been always broad and liberal in her sympathies; that she has given homes to the homeless, land to the landless; that she has secured for the greatest number of those who have dwelt on her wide domain a larger measure of liberty and peace and happiness, and for a greater length of time, than has ever been enjoyed by any other people on this earth. For this reason, the peoples all over the earth, and through all time, will call this republic blessed.

— *From an Oration on the* "Centenary of American Freedom," 1876.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

By Sir Walter Scott.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
  To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
  And Douglas gave a guide.

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might plain," he said,
  "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
  Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
  Part we in friendship from your land,
  And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
  "My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
  Be open, at my sovereign's will,
    To each one whom he lists, howe'er
    Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
  My castles are my king's alone,
  From turret to foundation stone;
  The hand of Douglas is his own:
    And never shall, in friendly grasp,
    The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;

And — "This to me!" he said, —
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more, I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age.
Fierce he broke forth, — "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms, — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung:
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

Marmion and Douglas.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood;
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold he can speak, and fairly ride;
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

— *From* "Marmion."

NOTES. — In the poem from which this extract is taken, *Marmion* is represented as an embassador sent by Henry VIII., king of England, to James IV., king of Scotland, with whom he was at war. Having finished his mission to James, Marmion was intrusted to the protection and hospitality of *Douglas*, one of the Scottish nobles. Douglas entertained him, treated him with the respect due to his office and to the honor of his sovereign, yet he despised his private character. Marmion perceived this, and took umbrage at it, though he attempted to repress his resentment, and desired to part in peace. Under these circumstances the scene, as described in this sketch, takes place.

Tantallon is the name of the Douglas castle at Bothwell, Scotland.

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE.

By George W. Doane.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE INTELLIGENT MEN. I do not mean that they must know that two and two make four; or, that six per cent a year is half per cent a month. I take a wider and a higher range. I limit myself to no mere utilitarian intelligence. This has its place. And this will come almost unsought. The contact of the rough and rugged world will force men to it in self-defense. The lust of worldly gain will drag men to it for self-aggrandizement. But men so made will never make a state. The intelligence which that demands will take a wider and a higher range. Its study will be man. It will make history its cheap experience. It will read hearts. It will know men. It will first know itself. What else can govern men? Who else can know the men to govern men? The right of suffrage is a fearful thing. It calls for wisdom, and discretion, and intelligence, of no ordinary standard. It takes in, at every exercise, the interests of all the nation. Its results reach forward through time into eternity. Its discharge must be accounted for among the dread responsibilities of the great day of judgment. Who will go to it blindly? Who will go to it passionately? Who will go to it as a sycophant, a tool, a slave? How many do! These are not the men to make a state.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE HONEST MEN. I do not mean men that would never steal. I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in making change. I mean men with a single face. I mean men with a single eye. I mean men with a single tongue. I mean

men that consider always what is right; and do it at whatever cost. I mean men who can dine, like Andrew Marvel, on a neck of mutton; and whom, therefore, no king on earth can buy. Men that are in the market for the highest bidder; men that make politics their trade, and look to office for a living; men that will crawl, where they cannot climb, — these are not the men to make a state.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE BRAVE MEN. I do not mean the men that pick a quarrel. I do not mean the men that carry dirks. I do not mean the men that call themselves hard names; as Bouncers, Killers, and the like. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that do, but do not talk. I mean the men that dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are to-day where they were yesterday, and will be there to-morrow. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to kill, but not afraid to die. The man that calls hard names and uses threats; the man that stabs, in secret, with his tongue or with his pen; the man that moves a mob to deeds of violence and self-destruction; the man that freely offers his last drop of blood, but never sheds the first, — these are not the men to make a state.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE RELIGIOUS MEN. States are from God. States are dependent upon God. States are accountable to God. I do not mean that men must cant. I do not mean that men must wear long faces. I do not mean that man must talk of conscience, while they take your spoons. One shrewdly called hypocrisy the tribute which vice pays to virtue. These masks and vizors, in like manner, are the forced concession which a moral nature makes to him whom, at the same time, it

dishonors. I speak of men who feel and own a God. I speak of men who feel and own their sins. I speak of men who think the Cross no shame. I speak of men who have it in their heart as well as on their brow. The men that never pray, are not the men to make a state.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, ARE MADE BY FAITH. A man that has no faith is so much flesh. His heart a muscle; nothing more. He has no past, for reverence; no future, for reliance. He lives. So does a clam. Both die. Such men can never make a state. There must be faith, which furnishes the fulcrum Archimedes could not find for the long lever that should move the world. There must be faith to look through clouds and storms up to the sun that shines as cheerily on high as on creation's morn. There must be faith that can lay hold on Heaven, and let the earth swing from beneath it, if God will. There must bo faith that can afford to sink the present in the future; and let time go, in its strong grasp upon eternity. This is the way that men are made, to make a state.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, ARE MADE BY SELF-DENIAL. The willow dallies with the water, and is fanned forever by its coolest breeze, and draws its waves up in continual pulses of refreshment and delight; and is a willow, after all. An acorn has been loosened, some autumnal morning, by a squirrel's foot. It finds a nest in some rude cleft of an old granite rock, where there is scarcely earth to cover it. It knows no shelter, and it feels no shade. It squares itself against the storms. It shoulders through the blast. It asks no favor, and gives none. It grapples with the rock. It crowds up toward the sun. It is an oak. It has been seventy years an oak.

It will be an oak for seven times seventy years; unless you need a man-of-war to thunder at the foe that shows a flag upon the shore where freemen dwell: and then you take no willow in its daintiness and gracefulness; but that old, hardy, storm-stayed and storm-strengthened oak. So are the men made that will make a state.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, ARE THEMSELVES MADE BY OBEDIENCE. Obedience is the health of human hearts; obedience to God; obedience to father and to mother, who are, to children, in the place of God; obedience to teachers and to masters, who are in the place of father and of mother; obedience to spiritual pastors, who are God's ministers; and to the powers that be, which are ordained of God. Obedience is but self-government in action: and he can never govern men who does not govern first himself. Only such men can make a state.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-arm ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! *Men* — high-minded *men* —

With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain,
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend discretion like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle;
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!

No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

By John Caldwell Calhoun.

To comprehend more fully the force and bearing of public opinion, and to form a just estimate of the changes to which, aided by the press, it will probably lead, politi-

cally and socially, it will be necessary to consider it in connection with the causes that have given it an influence so great as to entitle it to be regarded as a new political element. They will, upon investigation, be found in the many discoveries and inventions made in the last few centuries.

All these have led to important results. Through the invention of the mariner's compass, the globe has been circumnavigated and explored; and all who inhabit it, with but few exceptions, are brought within the sphere of an all-pervading commerce, which is daily diffusing over its surface the light and blessings of civilization.

Through that of the art of printing, the fruits of observation and reflection, of discoveries and inventions, with all the accumulated stores of previously acquired knowledge, are preserved and widely diffused. The application of gunpowder to the art of war has forever settled the long conflict for ascendency between civilization and barbarism, in favor of the former, and thereby guaranteed that, whatever knowledge is now accumulated, or may hereafter be added, shall never again be lost.

The numerous discoveries and inventions, chemical and mechanical, and the application of steam to machinery, have increased many fold the productive powers of labor and capital, and have thereby greatly increased the number who may devote themselves to study and improvement, and the amount of means necessary for commercial exchanges, especially between the more and the less advanced and civilized portions of the globe, to the great advantage of both, but particularly of the latter.

The application of steam to the purposes of travel and transportation, by land and water, has vastly increased the

facility, cheapness, and rapidity of both: diffusing, with them, information and intelligence almost as quickly and as freely as if borne by the winds; while the electrical wires outstrip them in velocity, rivaling in rapidity even thought itself.

The joint effect of all this has been a great increase and diffusion of knowledge; and, with this, an impulse to progress and civilization heretofore unexampled in the history of the world, accompanied by a mental energy and activity unprecedented.

To all these causes, public opinion, and its organ, the press, owe their origin and great influence. Already they have attained a force in the more civilized portions of the globe sufficient to be felt by all governments, even the most absolute and despotic. But, as great as they now are, they have, as yet, attained nothing like their maximum force. It is probable that not one of the causes which have contributed to their formation and influence, has yet produced its full effect; while several of the most powerful have just begun to operate; and many others, probably of equal or even greater force, yet remain to be brought to light.

When the causes now in operation have produced their full effect, and inventions and discoveries shall have been exhausted, — if that may ever be, — they will give a force to public opinion, and cause changes, political and social, difficult to be anticipated. What will be their final bearing, time only can decide with any certainty.

That they will, however, greatly improve the condition of man ultimately, it would be impious to doubt; it would be to suppose that the all-wise and beneficent Being, the Creator of all, had so constituted man as that the employ-

ment of the high intellectual faculties with which He has been pleased to endow him, in order that he might develop the laws that control the great agents of the material world, and make them subservient to his use, would prove to him the cause of permanent evil, and not of permanent good.

NOTE. — This selection is an extract from "A Disquisition on Government." Mr. Calhoun expected to revise his manuscript before it was printed, but death interrupted his plans.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S DEAD BODY.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is often interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know,
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
Oh judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world, now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
Oh masters! If I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, oh what would come of it!

Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar. I do fear it.

Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

(*He comes down from the pulpit.*)

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well belovèd Brutus stabbed:
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1*st Cit.* Oh piteous spectacle!

2*d Cit.* Oh noble Cæsar!

3*d Cit.* We will be revenged!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1*st Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2*d Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

— *From* "Julius Cæsar."

NOTES. — Caius Julius Cæsar (b. 102, d. 44 B.C.) was the most remarkable genius of the ancient world. Cæsar ruled Rome as imperator five years and a half, and, in the intervals of seven campaigns during that time, spent only fifteen months in Rome. Under his rule Rome

was probably at her best, and his murder at once produced a state of anarchy.

The conspirators against Cæsar — among whom were Brutus, Cassius, and Casca — professed to be moved by honest zeal for the good of Rome; but their own ambition was no doubt the true motive, except with Brutus.

Mark Antony was a strong friend of Julius Cæsar. Upon the latter's death, Antony, by his funeral oration, incited the people and drove the conspirators from Rome.

The Lupercal was a festival of purification and expiation held in Rome on the 15th of February. Antony was officiating as priest at this festival when he offered the crown to Cæsar.

In his will Cæsar left to every citizen of Rome a sum of money, and bequeathed his private gardens to the public.

The Nervii were one of the most warlike tribes of Celtic Gaul. Cæsar almost annihilated them in 57 B.C.

Pompey, once associated with Cæsar in the government of Rome, was afterward at war with him. He was murdered by those who thought to propitiate Cæsar, but the latter wept when Pompey's head was sent to him, and had the murderers put to death.

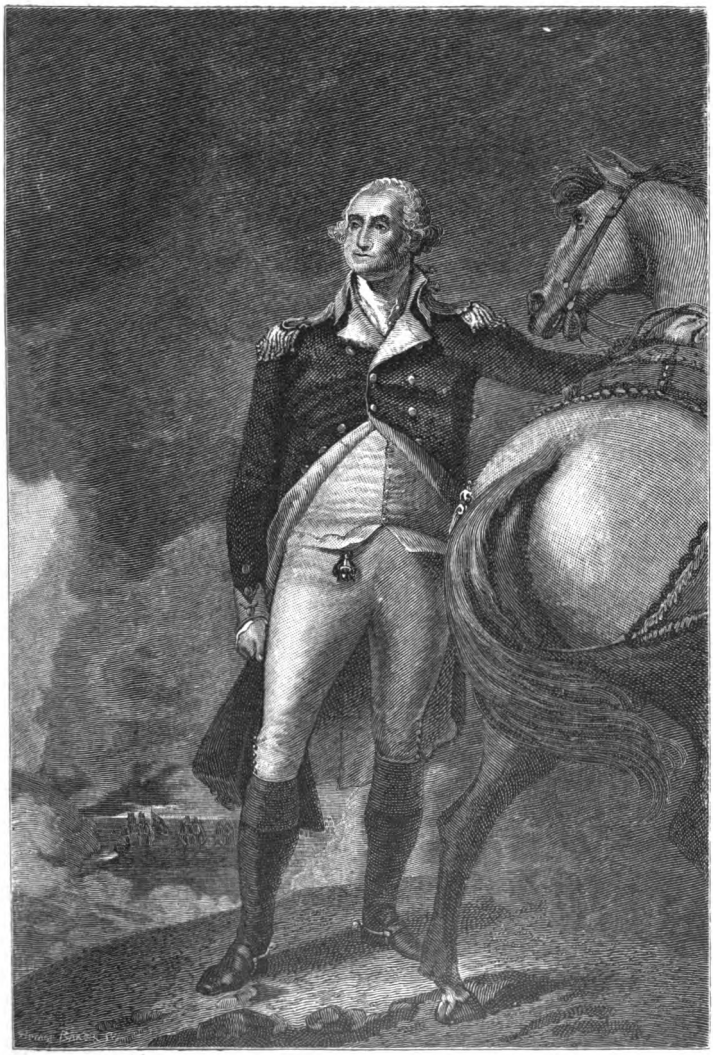
Pompey's statua. Statua is the Latin form of *statue*, in common use in Shakespeare's time; this form is required here by the meter.

ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

BY HENRY LEE.

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single to your grateful hearts his preëminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will — all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see our youthful Washington supporting, in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock,



Washington at Trenton.

and saving, by his judgment and his valor, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe? Or when, oppressed America nobly resolving to risk her all in defense of her violated right, he was elevated by the unanimous vote of Congress to the command of her armies? Will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry his presence gave the stability of system and infused the invincibility of love of country? Or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disasters, unchanged by change of fortune? Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn-down, unaided ranks, to himself unknown? Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter; the storm raged; the Delaware, rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man. Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene. His country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought, he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event, and her dauntless chief, pursuing his blow, completed in the lawns of Princeton what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of the Delaware.

Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high effort of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held

in check formidable hostile legions, conducted by a chief experienced in the arts of war, and famed for his valor on the ever-memorable Heights of Abraham, where fell Wolfe, Montcalm, and since our much-lamented Montgomery, all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his resistless example, rallied around our country's standard, and continued to follow her beloved chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our union led.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Monmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul, by rehearsing the praises of the hero of Saratoga and his much-loved compeer of the Carolinas? No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates, to Greene, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight, he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally, he brought to submission the since conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of military glory

with a luster corresponding to his great name, and in this, his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth. . . .

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors, kind; and to the dear object of his affections, exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues. His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan, escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

NOTES. — *Braddock.* The defeat of Braddock occurred July 9, 1755, near the present site of Pittsburg. Washington was then about twenty-three years old.

Heights of Abraham, near Quebec, the scene of the battle between the English under Wolfe and the French under Montcalm in 1759.

Chiefs of Saratoga and Eutaw, Generals Horatio Gates and Nathanael Greene.

Conqueror of India. — Lord Cornwallis became Governor General of India in 1786; and in a war with Tippoo Sahib, the powerful sovereign of Mysore, obliged that monarch in 1792 to sign a treaty by which he ceded to the English about half his dominions, and paid them $16,500,000 in money.

First in war, first in peace, etc. — This expression, now so commonly applied to Washington, was used for the first time in this oration as here quoted.

THE SONG OF THE POTTER

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round,
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange;
Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

Turn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
  The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray;
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
  The harvest home of day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
  Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
  And made of the same clay.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,
  To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame
And stamp with honor or with shame
  These vessels made of clay.

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon
The noon will be the afternoon,
  Too soon to-day be yesterday;
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
  And trodden into clay.

THE OLD MAN AT THE GATE.

By Douglas Jerrold.

In Surrey, some three miles from Chertsey, is a quiet, sequestered nook, called Shepperton Green. At the time whereof we write the olden charity dwelt in an old workhouse — a primitive abiding place for the broken plowman, the palsied shepherd, the old, old peasant, for whom nothing more remained in this world but to die. The governor of this abode of benevolence dwelt in the lower part of the building, and therein, as the village trade might fluctuate, made or mended shoes. Let the plain truth be said — the governor was a cobbler. Within a stone's cast of the workhouse was a little white gate swung between two hedge banks in the road to Chertsey. Here, pass when you would, stood an old man, whose self-imposed office it was to open the gate; for the which service the passenger would drop some small benevolence in the withered hand of the aged peasant. This man was a pauper — one of the almsmen of the village workhouse.

There was a custom — whether established by the governor aforesaid, or by predecessors of a vanished century, we know not — that made it the privilege of the oldest pauper to stand the porter at the gate; his perquisite, by right of years, the small coin of the rare pedestrian. As the senior died, the living senior succeeded to the office. Now the gate — and now the grave.

And this is all the history? All. The story is told — it will not bear another syllable. The "Old Man" is at the gate; the custom which places him there has been made known and with it ends the narrative.

How few the incidents of life — how multitudinous its emotions! How flat, monotonous, may be the circumstance of daily existence, and yet how various the thoughts which spring from it! Look at yonder landscape, broken into hill and dale, with trees of every hue and form, and water winding in silver threads through velvet fields. How beautiful! — for how various. Cast your eye over that moor; it is flat and desolate — barren as barren rock. Not so. Seek the soil, and then, with nearer gaze, contemplate the wondrous forms and colors of the thousand mosses growing there; give ear to the hum of busy life sounding at every root of poorest grass. Listen! Does not the heart of the earth beat audibly beneath this seeming barrenness — audibly as where the corn grows and the grape ripens? Is it not so with the veriest rich and the veriest poor — with the most active and with apparently the most inert?

That "Old Man at the Gate" has eighty years upon his head — eighty years, covering it with natural reverence. He was once in London — only once. This pilgrimage excepted, he has never journeyed twenty miles from the cottage in which he was born; of which he became the master; whereto he brought his wife; where his children saw the light, and their children after; and whence, having with a stout soul fought against the strengthening ills of poverty and old age, he was thrust by want and sickness out, and with a stung heart he laid his bones upon a workhouse bed.

Life to the "Old Man" has been one long path across a moor — a flat, unbroken journey; the eye uncheered, the heart unsatisfied. Coldness and sterility have compassed him round. Yet has he been subdued to the

blankness of his destiny? Has his mind remained the unwrit page that schoolmen talk of? has his heart become a clod? Has he been made by poverty a moving image — a plow-guiding, corn-threshing instrument? Have not unutterable thoughts sometimes stirred within his brain — thoughts that elevated, yet confused him with a sense of eternal beauty — coming upon him like the spiritual presences to the shepherds? Has he not been beset by the inward and mysterious yearning of the heart towards the unknown and the unseen? He has been a plowman. In the eye of the well-to-do, dignified with the accomplishments of reading and writing, he is of little more intelligence than the oxen treading the glebe. Yet, who shall say that the influence of nature — that the glories of the rising sun — may not have called forth harmonies of soul from the rustic drudge, the moving statue of a man!

That worn-out, threadbare remnant of humanity at the gate; age makes it reverend, and the inevitable — shall inevitable be said? — injustice of the world invests it with majesty; the majesty of suffering meekly borne, and meekly decaying. "The poor shall never cease out of the land." This text the self-complacency of competence loveth to quote: it hath a melody in it, a lulling sweetness to the selfishness of our nature. Hunger and cold and nakedness are the hard portion of man; there is no help for it; rags must flutter about us; man, yes even the strong man, his only wealth (the wealth of Adam) wasting in his bones, must hold his pauper hand to his brother of four meals *per diem;* it is a necessity of nature, and there is no help for it. And thus some men send their consciences to sleep by the chinking

of their own purses. Necessity of evil is an excellent philosophy, applied to everybody but — ourselves.

These easy souls will see nothing in our "Old Man at the Gate" but a pauper let out of the workhouse for the chance of a few half-pence. Surely he is something more! He is old; very old. Every day, every hour, earth has less claim in him. He is so old, so feeble, that even as you look he seems sinking. At sunset he is scarcely the man who opened the gate to you in the morning. Yet there is no disease in him — none. He is dying of old age. He is working out that most awful problem of life — slowly, solemnly. He is now the badged pauper, and now in the unknown country with Solomon!

Can man look upon a more touching solemnity? There stands the old man, passive as a stone, nearer, every moment, to church-yard clay! It was only yesterday that he took his station at the gate. His predecessor held the post for two years — he too daily, daily dying —

> Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
> The weary wheels of life at length stood still.

How long will the present watcher survive? In that very uncertainty — in the very hoariness of age which brings home to us that uncertainty — there is something that makes the old man sacred; for, in the course of nature, is not the oldest man the nearest to the angels!

Yet, away from these thoughts, there is reverence due to that old man. What has been his life? — a war with suffering. What a beautiful world is this! How rich and glorious! How abundant in blessings, great and little, to thousands! What a lovely place hath God

made it; and how have God's creatures darkened and outraged it to the wrong of one another. Well, what had this man of the world? What stake, as the effrontery of selfishness has it? The wild fox was better cared for. Though preserved some day to be killed, it *was* preserved until then. What did this old man inherit? Toil, incessant toil, with no holiday of the heart: he came into the world a badged animal of labor — the property of animals. What was the earth to him? — a place to die in.

"The poor shall never cease out of the land." Shall we, then, accommodating our sympathies to this hard necessity, look serenely down upon the wretched? Shall we preach only comfort to ourselves from the doomed condition of others?

But the "Old Man at the Gate" has, for seventy years, worked and worked; and what his closing reward? — the workhouse! Shall we not, some of us, blush crimson at our own world-successes, pondering the destitution of our worthy, single-hearted fellows? Should not affluence touch its hat to the "Old Man at the Gate" with a reverence for the years upon him; he, the born soldier of poverty, doomed for life to lead life's forlorn hope!

To our mind, the venerableness of age made the "Old Man at the Gate" something like a spiritual presence. He was so old, who could say how few the pulsations of his heart between him and the grave? But there he was with a meek happiness upon him; gentle, cheerful. He was not built up in bricks and mortar, but was still in the open air, with the sweetest influences about him; the sky, the trees, the greensward, and flowers with the breath of God in them!

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

By Lord Byron.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet —
But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips — "The foe! They come!
They come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave! — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now, beneath them, but above, shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder, cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn, the marshaling in arms, — the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent.

NOTES. — The battle of Waterloo was fought on June 18, 1815, between the French army on one side, commanded by Napoleon

Bonaparte, and the English army and allies on the other side, commanded by the Duke of Wellington. At the commencement of the battle, some of the officers were at a ball at Brussels, a short distance from Waterloo, and being notified of the approaching contest by the cannonade, left the ball room for the field of battle.

The wood of Soignies lay between the field of Waterloo and Brussels. It is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes.

WAR.

By Charles Sumner.

I need not dwell now on the waste and cruelty of war. These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon violated homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated by the sharp moan of mothers, sisters, and daughters—of fathers, brothers, and sons, who, in the bitterness of their bereavement, refuse to be comforted.

Our eyes rest at last upon one of these fair fields, where Nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes — or, perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista — amidst the peaceful harmonies of nature — on the Sabbath of peace — we behold bands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen

spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred.

The havoc rages. The ground is soaked with their commingling blood. The air is rent by their commingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattering brains, are the lawless passions which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult.

Horror-struck, we ask, wherefore this hateful contest? The melancholy, but truthful answer comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations!

The scene changes. Far away on the distant pathway of the ocean two ships approach each other, with white canvas broadly spread to receive the flying gales. They are proudly built. All of human art has been lavished in their graceful proportions, and in their well compacted sides, while they look in their dimensions like floating happy islands on the sea. A numerous crew, with costly appliances of comfort, hives in their secure shelter. Surely these two travelers shall meet in joy and friendship; the flag at the masthead shall give the signal of friendship; the happy sailors shall cluster in the rigging, and even on the yardarms, to look each other in the face, while the exhilarating voices of both crews shall mingle in accents of gladness uncontrollable. It is not so. Not as brothers, not as friends, not as wayfarers of the common ocean, do they come together; but as enemies.

The gentle vessels now bristle fiercely with death-dealing instruments. On their spacious decks, aloft on all their masts, flashes the deadly musketry. From their

sides spout cataracts of flame, amidst the pealing thunders of a fatal artillery. They, who had escaped "the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks" — who had sped on their long and solitary way unharmed by wind or wave — whom the hurricane had spared — in whose favor storms and seas had intermitted their immitigable war — now at last fall by the hand of each other. The same spectacle of horror greets us from both ships. On their decks, reddened with blood, the murderers of St. Bartholomew and of the Sicilian Vespers, with the fires of Smithfield, seem to break forth anew, and to concentrate their rage. Each has now become a swimming Golgotha.

At length, these vessels — such pageants of the sea — once so stately — so proudly built — but now rudely shattered by cannon balls — with shivered masts and ragged sails — exist only as unmanageable wrecks, weltering on the uncertain waves, whose temporary lull of peace is now their only safety. In amazement at this strange, unnatural contest — away from country and home — where there is no country or home to defend — we ask again, wherefore this dismal duel? Again the melancholy but truthful answer promptly comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

By John R. Thompson.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted;

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
  Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
  With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
  The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
  To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
  To kiss the shining pebbles —
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
  Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
  Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang —
  There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
  Poured o'er the glistening pebbles:
All silent now the Yankees stood,
  All silent stood the Rebels:

No unresponsive soul had heard
  That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home Sweet Home" had stirred
  The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
  As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
  The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
  Bend in their beauty o'er him:
Seen through the tear mist in his eyes
  His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
  In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
  And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
  Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart—
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
  That bright celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
  Gave this one touch of nature.

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION.

Extracts from a speech delivered at Milledgeville, Georgia, February 22, 1866.

By Alexander H. Stephens.

Now that the storm of war has passed, it behooves us all to labor for the establishment of good government, with its resulting prosperity and happiness. I need not assure you, if this can be obtained, that our desolated fields, our barns, our villages and cities, now in ruins, will soon, like the Phœnix, rise from their ashes, and all our waste places will again, at no distant day, blossom as the rose.

Wars, and civil wars especially, always menace liberty. They seldom advance it, while they usually end in its entire overthrow and destruction. Our civil contest stopped just short of such a catastrophe. It is now our duty to retrace our steps and look for the vindication and maintenance of constitutional liberty in the forums of reason and justice, instead of on the arena of arms; in the courts and halls of legislation, instead of on the fields of battle.

I have not lost my faith in the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of the American people, or in their capacity for self-government. But for these great essential qualities of human nature to be brought into active and efficient exercise for the fulfillment of patriotic hopes, it is essential that the passions of the day should subside, that the causes of these passions should not now be discussed, that the embers of the late strife should not be stirred.

The most hopeful prospect at this time is the restoration of the old Union, and with it the speedy return of fraternal feeling throughout its length and breadth. These results depend upon the people themselves, upon the people of the North quite as much as the South. The masses everywhere are alike equally interested in the great object. Let old issues, old questions, old differences, and old feuds be regarded as fossils of another epoch.

The old Union was based on the assumption that it was for the best interests of the people of the United States to be united as they were, each State faithfully performing to the people of other States all their obligations under a common compact. I always thought that this assumption was founded on broad, correct, and statesmanlike principles. I think so yet.

And now, after the severe chastisement of war, if the general sense of the whole country shall come back to the acknowledgment of the original assumption that it is for the best interests of all the States to be so united, as I trust it will, I can perceive no reason why, under such restoration, we may not enter upon a new career, exciting increased wonder in the Old World by grander achievements hereafter to be made, than any heretofore attained, by the peaceful and harmonious workings of our American institutions of self-government.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

By Charles Wolfe.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

NOTE. — Sir John Moore (b. 1761, d. 1809) was a celebrated British general. He was appointed commander of the British forces in Spain, in the war against Napoleon, and fell at the battle of Corunna, by a cannon shot. Marshal Soult, the opposing French commander, caused a monument to be erected to his memory. The British government has also raised a monument to him in St. Paul's Cathedral, while his native city, Glasgow, honors him with a bronze statue.

ON ROAST PIG.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, claw-

ing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day.

This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Cho-fang*, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: —

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion till it was reduced to ashes.

Together with the cottage, — a sorry, antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it, — what was of much more importance, a fine litter of newborn pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods we read of.

Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced.

What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage, — he had smelt that smell before, — indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with a retributory cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies.

His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued: —

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devour-

ing? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that he should ever have a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father! only taste! O!" with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently

than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box.

He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which the judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of " Not Guilty."

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's townhouse was observed to be on fire.

The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very

science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

Thus this custom of firing houses continued till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it.

Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object that pretext and excuse might be found in Roast Pig.

NOTE. — *Confucius* (*pro.* Con-fū'she-ŭs; *the Chinese name is* Kong-fu-tse', *pro.* Kong-fo͞ot-sā') was a celebrated Chinese philosopher (b. 551 B.C.) who did much for the moral improvement of his country.

The *Golden Age* was supposed to be that period in the various stages of human civilization when the greatest simplicity existed; the fruits of the earth sprang up without cultivation, and spring was the only season.

TRANSPORTATION AND PLANTING OF SEEDS.

BY HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

In all the pines a very thin membrane, in appearance much like an insect's wing, grows over and around the seed, and independent of it, while the latter is being de-

veloped within its base. In other words, a beautiful thin sack is woven around the seed, with a handle to it such as the wind can take hold of, and it is then committed to the wind, expressly that it may transport the seed and extend the range of the species; and this it does as effectually as when seeds are sent by mail, in a different kind of sack, from the patent office.

There is, then, no necessity for supposing that the pines have sprung up from nothing, and I am aware that I am not at all peculiar in asserting that they come from seeds, though the mode of their propagation by Nature has been but little attended to. They are very extensively raised from the seed in Europe, and are beginning to be here.

When you cut down an oak wood, a pine wood will not at once spring up there unless there are, or have been quite recently, seed-bearing pines near enough for the seeds to be blown from them. But, adjacent to a forest of pines, if you prevent other crops from growing there, you will surely have an extension of your pine forest, provided the soil is suitable.

As I walk amid hickories, even in August, I hear the sound of green gig-nuts falling from time to time, cut off by the chickaree over my head. In the fall I notice on the ground, either within or in the neighborhood of oak woods, on all sides of the town, stout oak twigs three or four inches long, bearing half a dozen empty acorn cups, which twigs have been gnawed off by squirrels, on both sides of the nuts, in order to make them more portable. The jays scream and the red squirrels scold while you are clubbing and shaking the chestnut trees, for they are there on the same errand, and two of the trade never agree.

I frequently see a red or a gray squirrel cast down a

green chestnut bur, as I am going through the woods, and I used to think, sometimes, that they were cast at me. In fact, they are so busy about it, in the midst of the chestnut season, that you cannot stand long in the woods without hearing one fall.

A sportsman told me that he had, the day before — that was in the middle of October — seen a green chestnut bur dropped on our great river meadow, fifty rods from the nearest wood, and much farther from the nearest chestnut tree, and he could not tell how it came there. Occasionally, when chestnutting in midwinter, I find thirty or forty nuts in a pile, left in its gallery just under the leaves by the common wood mouse.

But especially, in the winter, the extent to which this transportation and planting of nuts is carried on, is made apparent by the snow. In almost every wood you will see where the red or gray squirrels have pawed down through the snow in a hundred places, sometimes two feet deep, and almost always directly to a nut or a pine cone, — as directly as if they had started from it and bored upward, — which you and I could not have done. It would be difficult for us to find one before the snow falls. Commonly, no doubt, they had deposited them there in the fall. You wonder if they remember the localities or discover them by the scent.

The red squirrel commonly has its winter abode in the earth under a thicket of evergreens, frequently under a small clump of evergreens in the midst of a deciduous wood. If there are any nut trees, which still retain their nuts, standing at a distance without the wood, their paths often lead directly to and from them. We, therefore, need not suppose an oak standing here and there in the wood

in order to seed it, but if a few stand within twenty or thirty rods of it, it is sufficient.

I think that I may venture to say that every white-pine cone that falls to the earth naturally in this town, before opening and losing its seeds, and almost every pitch-pine one that falls at all, is cut off by a squirrel; and they begin to pluck them long before they are ripe, so that when the crop of white-pine cones is a small one, as it commonly is, they cut off thus almost every one of these before it fairly ripens.

I think, moreover, that their design, if I may so speak, in cutting them off green, is partly to prevent their opening and losing their seeds, for these are the ones for which they dig through the snow, and the only white-pine cones which contain anything then. I have counted in one heap the cores of two hundred and thirty-nine pitch-pine cones which had been cut off and stripped by the red squirrel, the previous winter.

The nuts thus left on the surface, or buried just beneath it, are placed in the most favorable circumstances for germinating. I have sometimes wondered how those which merely fell on the surface of the earth got planted; but, by the end of December, I find the chestnut of the same year partially mixed with the mold, as it were, under the decaying and moldy leaves, where there is all the moisture and manure they want, for the nuts fall fast. In a plentiful year a large proportion of the nuts are thus covered loosely an inch deep, and are, of course, somewhat concealed from squirrels.

One winter, when the crop had been abundant, I got, with the aid of a rake, many quarts of these nuts as late as the tenth of January; and though some bought at the

store the same day were more than half of them moldy, I did not find a single moldy one among those which I picked from under the wet and moldy leaves, where they had been snowed on once or twice. Nature knew how to pack them best. They were still plump and tender. Apparently they do not heat there, though wet. In the spring they are all sprouting.

Occasionally, when threading the woods in the fall, you will hear a sound as if some one had broken a twig, and, looking up, see a jay pecking at an acorn, or you will see a flock of them at once about it, in the top of an oak, and hear them break it off. They then fly to a suitable limb, and placing the acorn under one foot, hammer away at it busily, making a sound like a woodpecker's tapping, looking round from time to time to see if any foe is approaching, and soon reach the meat, and nibble at it, holding up their heads to swallow while they hold the remainder very firmly with their claws. Nevertheless, it often drops to the ground before the bird has done with it.

I can confirm what William Barton wrote to Wilson, the ornithologist, that "The jay is one of the most useful agents in the economy of nature for disseminating forest trees and other nuciferous and hard-seeded vegetables on which they feed. In performing this necessary duty they drop abundance of seed in their flight over fields, hedges, and by fences, where they alight to deposit them in the post holes, etc. It is remarkable what numbers of young trees rise up in fields and pastures after a wet winter and spring. These birds alone are capable in a few years' time to replant all the cleared lands."

I have noticed that squirrels also frequently drop nuts in open land, which will still further account for the oaks

and walnuts which spring up in pastures; for, depend on it, every new tree comes from a seed. When I examine the little oaks, one or two years old, in such places, I invariably find the empty acorn from which they sprung.

THE VIRGINIANS.

By William Makepeace Thackeray.

Mr. Esmond called his American house Castlewood, from the patrimonial home in the old country. The whole usages of Virginia, indeed, were fondly modeled after the English customs. It was a loyal colony. The Virginians boasted that King Charles the Second had been king in Virginia before he had been king in England. English king and English church were alike faithfully honored there.

The resident gentry were allied to good English families. They held their heads above the Dutch traders of New York, and the money-getting Roundheads of Pennsylvania and New England. Never were people less republican than those of the great province which was soon to be foremost in the memorable revolt against the British Crown.

The gentry of Virginia dwelt on their great lands after a fashion almost patriarchal. For its rough cultivation, each estate had a multitude of hands — of purchased and assigned servants — who were subject to the command of the master. The land yielded their food, live stock, and game.

The great rivers swarmed with fish for the taking. From their banks the passage home was clear. Their

ships took the tobacco off their private wharves on the banks of the Potomac or the James River, and carried it to London or Bristol, — bringing back English goods and articles of home manufacture in return for the only produce which the Virginian gentry chose to cultivate.

Their hospitality was boundless. No stranger was ever sent away from their gates. The gentry received one another, and traveled to each other's houses, in a state almost feudal. The question of Slavery was not born at the time of which we write. To be the proprietor of black servants shocked the feelings of no Virginia gentleman; nor, in truth, was the despotism exercised over the negro race generally a savage one. The food was plenty: the poor black people lazy and not unhappy. You might have preached negro emancipation to Madam Esmond of Castlewood as you might have told her to let the horses run loose out of her stables; she had no doubt but that the whip and the corn-bag were good for both.

Her father may have thought otherwise, being of a skeptical turn on very many points, but his doubts did not break forth in active denial, and he was rather disaffected than rebellious. At one period, this gentleman had taken a part in active life at home, and possibly might have been eager to share its rewards; but in latter days he did not seem to care for them. A something had occurred in his life, which had cast a tinge of melancholy over all his existence.

He was not unhappy, — to those about him most kind, — most affectionate, obsequious even to the women of his family, whom he scarce ever contradicted; but there had been some bankruptcy of his heart, which his spirit never

recovered. He submitted to life, rather than enjoyed it, and never was in better spirits than in his last hours when he was going to lay it down.

When the boy's grandfather died, their mother, in great state, proclaimed her eldest son George her successor and heir of the estate; and Harry, George's younger brother by half an hour, was always enjoined to respect his senior. All the household was equally instructed to pay him honor; the negroes, of whom there was a large and happy family, and the assigned servants from Europe, whose lot was made as bearable as it might be under the government of the lady of Castlewood.

In the whole family there scarcely was a rebel save Mrs. Esmond's faithful friend and companion, Madam Mountain, and Harry's foster-mother, a faithful negro woman, who never could be made to understand why her child should not be first, who was handsomer and stronger and cleverer than his brother, as she vowed; though, in truth, there was scarcely any difference in the beauty, strength, or stature of the twins.

In disposition, they were in many points exceedingly unlike; but in feature they resembled each other so closely, that, but for the color of their hair, it had been difficult to distinguish them. In their beds, and when their heads were covered with those vast ribboned night-caps, which our great and little ancestors wore, it was scarcely possible for any but a nurse or a mother to tell the one from the other child.

Howbeit, alike in form, we have said that they differed in temper. The elder was peaceful, studious, and silent; the younger was warlike and noisy. He was quick at learning when he began, but very slow at beginning. No

threats of the ferrule would provoke Harry to learn in an idle fit, or would prevent George from helping his brother in his lesson. Harry was of a strong military turn, drilled the little negroes on the estate, and caned them like a corporal, having many good boxing-matches with them, and never bearing malice if he was worsted; — whereas George was sparing of blows, and gentle with all about him.

As the custom in all families was, each of the boys had a special little servant assigned him; and it was a known fact that George, finding his little wretch of a black-amoor asleep on his master's bed, sat down beside it, and brushed the flies off the child with a feather fan, to the horror of old Gumbo, the child's father, who found his young master so engaged, and to the indignation of Madam Esmond, who ordered the young negro off to the proper officer for a whipping. In vain George implored and entreated — burst into passionate tears, and besought a remission of the sentence. His mother was inflexible regarding the young rebel's punishment, and the little negro went off beseeching his young master not to cry.

On account of a certain apish drollery and humor which exhibited itself in the lad, and a liking for some of the old man's pursuits, the first of the twins was the grandfather's favorite and companion, and would laugh and talk out all his infantine heart to the old gentleman, to whom the younger had seldom a word to say.

George was a demure, studious boy, and his senses seemed to brighten up in the library, where his brother was so gloomy. He knew the books before he could well-nigh carry them, and read in them long before he could understand them. Harry, on the other hand, was all alive

in the stables or in the wood, eager for all parties of hunting and fishing, and promised to be a good sportsman from a very early age.

At length the time came when Mr. Esmond was to have done with the affairs of this life, and he laid them down as if glad to be rid of their burden. All who read and heard that discourse, wondered where Parson Broadbent of James Town found the eloquence and the Latin which adorned it. Perhaps Mr. Dempster knew, the boys' Scotch tutor, who corrected the proofs of the oration, which was printed, by the desire of his Excellency and many persons of honor, at Mr. Franklin's press in Philadelphia.

No such sumptuous funeral had ever been seen in the country as that which Madam Esmond Warrington ordained for her father, who would have been the first to smile at that pompous grief.

The little lads of Castlewood, almost smothered in black trains and hatbands, headed the procession and were followed by my Lord Fairfax, from Greenway Court, by his Excellency the Governor of Virginia (with his coach), by the Randolphs, the Careys, the Harrisons, the Washingtons, and many others ; for the whole country esteemed the departed gentleman, whose goodness, whose high talents, whose benevolence and unobtrusive urbanity, had earned for him the just respect of his neighbors.

When informed of the event, the family of Colonel Esmond's stepson, the Lord Castlewood of Hampshire in England, asked to be at the charges of the marble slab which recorded the names and virtues of his lordship's mother and her husband ; and after due time of preparation, the monument was set up, exhibiting the arms and

coronet of the Esmonds, supported by a little, chubby group of weeping cherubs, and reciting an epitaph which for once did not tell any falsehoods.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

By Francis O. Ticknor

The knightliest of the knightly race,
  Who since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
  Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindliest of the kindly band,
  Who, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spottswood round the land,
  And Raleigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue embattled hills,
  Against uncounted foes,
And planted there in valleys fair
  The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
  Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
  With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept! — the sons who kept
  The names of noble sires —
And slumbered while the darkness crept
  Around their vigil fires.
But still the Golden Horseshoe Knights
  Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
  But not a knight asleep.

THE BIBLE THE BEST OF CLASSICS.

By Thomas S. Grimké.

There is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration unrivaled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and of angels, yea, even of "God manifest in the flesh," of "God blessed forever."

If we consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time that can be compared with it. If we examine its authority, for it speaks as never man spake, we discover that it came from heaven in vision and prophecy under the sanction of Him who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy as God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness, of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom.

If we inquire who are the men that have recorded its truths, vindicated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme, from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer, "The patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the martyr."

If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, of injustice, and inquire what are its benefits, even in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order, and peace, faith, hope, and charity are its blessings upon earth.

And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity; from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect; from the visible creation, marvelous, beautiful, and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraphs; from the footstool of God to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life.

Such is the best of classics the world has ever admired; such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide.

TO MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
  Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
  My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
  That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
  It taught me how to die. — GEORGE P. MORRIS.

TO THE SKYLARK.

By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale, purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not.
What is most like thee?
From rainbow-clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden,
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glowworm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphant chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be ;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee ;
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream ;
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound ;
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

GIFTS.

By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Gift of one who loved me,—
'Twas high time they came;
When he ceased to love me,
Time they stopped for shame.

It is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves in some sort all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New Year, and other times, in bestowing gifts; since it is always so pleasant to be generous, though very vexatious to pay debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. If, at any time, it comes into my head that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give, until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents; flowers because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern countenance of ordinary nature; they are the music heard out of a workhouse. Nature does not cocker us; we are children, not pets: she is not fond: everything is dealt to us without fear or favor, after severe universal laws. Yet these delicate flowers look like the frolic and inference of love and beauty. Men used to tell us that we loved flattery, even though we are not deceived by it, because it shows that we are of importance enough to be courted. Something like that pleasure, the flowers give us: what am I to whom these sweet hints are addressed? Fruits are accept-

able gifts, because they are the flower of commodities, and admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should set before me a basket of fine summer fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labor and the reward.

For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is glad when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door have no shoes, you have not to consider whether you could procure him a paint box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread, or drink water, in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. In our condition of universal dependence, it seems heroic to let the petitioner be the judge of his necessity, and to give all that is asked, though at great inconvenience. If it be a fantastic desire, it is better to leave to others the office of punishing him. I can think of many parts I should prefer playing to that of the Furies. Next to the things of necessity, the rule for a gift, which one of my friends prescribed, is, that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem ; the shepherd, his lamb ; the farmer, corn ; the miner, a gem ; the sailor, coral and shells ; the painter, his picture ; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to its primary

basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gifts, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something, which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings, and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolical sin-offering, or payment of blackmail.

The law of benefits is a difficult channel, which requires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them? We wish to be self-sustained. We do not quite forgive a giver. The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten. We can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves ; but not from any one who assumes to bestow. We sometimes hate the meat which we eat, because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

> Brother, if Jove to thee a present make,
> Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take.

We ask the whole. Nothing less will content us. We arraign society, if it do not give us besides earth, and fire and water, opportunity, love, reverence, and objects of veneration.

He is a good man who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported ; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I

should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity and not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine, which belief of mine this gift seems to deny? Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful, things for gifts. This giving is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary than with the anger of my lord Timon. For the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors."

The reason of these discords I conceive to be, that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and now also. Compared

with that good-will I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom hear the acknowledgments of any person who would thank us for a benefit, without some shame and humiliation. We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but must be content with an oblique one; we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received. But rectitude scatters favors on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people.

I fear to breathe any treason against the majesty of love, which is the genius and god of gifts, and to whom we must not affect to prescribe. Let him give kingdoms or flower-leaves indifferently. There are persons, from whom we always expect fairy tokens; let us not cease to expect them. This is prerogative, and not to be limited by our municipal rules. For the rest, I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold. The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will but in fate. I find that I am not much to you; you do not need me; you do not feel me; then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands. No services are of any value, but only likeness. When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick, — no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

LIST OF AUTHORS.

Agassiz, Jean Louis Rodolphe (page 210), was a famous teacher of science and one of the foremost naturalists of the nineteenth century. He was born at Fribourg, in Switzerland, in 1807, and came to the United States in 1846 where he made his home for the rest of his life. In 1859 he was made the curator of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge. He was the author of several important works on subjects connected with natural history. He died in 1873.

Alcott, Louisa May (page 21), was born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1833. Her parents, who were New England people, removed to Concord, Massachusetts, while she was a child, and there the greater part of her life was spent. As a child she frequently wrote stories for the amusement of her playmates. Her first novel, "Moods," appeared in 1865. Her most popular book, "Little Women," was published in 1868, and is the story of her own home life. "An Old-fashioned Girl," from which our extract is taken, was published in 1870. She died at Concord in 1888.

Bancroft, George (page 160), was America's first great historian. He was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800. He was educated at Harvard College and at the University of Göttingen, Germany. In 1823 he opened the Round Hill school at Northampton, Massachusetts, where he taught for some time. In 1834 he published the first volume of his great work, the "History of the United States." The tenth and last volume appeared in 1874. During his long life Mr. Bancroft filled many important offices of honor and trust under the United States government. He was Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Polk; in 1846 he was appointed minister to

Great Britain; in 1867 he was minister to Russia, and in 1868, he was accredited to the North German Confederation. He remained in Germany until 1874, when he was recalled at his own request. He died in 1891.

Browning, Robert (page 260), a famous English poet, was born at Camberwell, London, in 1812. He was educated at the University of London. His first poem, "Pauline," was published in 1832, and his first drama, "Paracelsus," in 1835. He was married in 1846 to Elizabeth Barrett, the poet. Most of his life was spent in Italy. He died in Venice, Dec. 12, 1889.

Bryant, William Cullen (page 47), was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794. At the age of sixteen he entered Williams College, but his father being unable to give him a finished education, he remained there less than two years. He then began the study of law and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. He practiced his profession, with much success, for about nine years. In 1826, he removed to New York, and became connected with the *Evening Post*, a connection which continued to the time of his death. "Thanatopsis," perhaps the best known of all his poems, was written when he was but nineteen. His excellent translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," together with some of his best poems, were written after the poet had passed the age of seventy. He died in New York in 1878.

Bullen, Frank T. (page 56), an English author and lecturer, born at Paddington in 1857. He received no education after his ninth year, but was at sea in various capacities until 1883, when he became a clerk in the Meteorological Office in London. His best-known work is "The Cruise of the Cachalot," a true story of whaling adventures.

Byron, George Gordon, Lord Byron (page 125, 300), a famous English poet, was born at London in 1788. "Hours of Idleness," his first book, appeared in 1807. It was severely treated by the *Edinburgh Review*, which called forth his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in 1809. Soon after, he went abroad for two years; and, on his return, published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," a work that made

him suddenly famous. He spent much of the next seven years in Italy, where most of his poems were written. The last year of his life was spent in Greece, aiding in her struggle for liberty against the Turks. He died at Missolonghi in 1824.

Calhoun, John Caldwell (page 280), an American statesman and champion of Southern rights and opinions, was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, in 1782. He graduated at Yale College in 1804, and was elected to the legislature of South Carolina in 1808. Three years later, he was chosen to the National House of Representatives. In 1817 he was appointed Secretary of War, and held the office seven years. From 1825 to 1832 he was Vice President of the United States. He then resigned this office, and took his seat as senator from South Carolina. In 1844 President Tyler called him to his cabinet as Secretary of State; and, in 1845, he returned to the Senate, where he remained till his death, which occurred at Washington in 1850.

Cary, Alice (page 209), was born near Cincinnati, in 1820. She began her literary career at her western home, and, in 1849, published a volume of poems, the joint work of her younger sister, Phœbe, and herself. In 1850, she moved to New York. Miss Cary was the author of eleven volumes, besides many articles contributed to periodicals. She died in 1871.

Catlin, George (page 177), was born in New Jersey, 1796. He studied law for a few years, but finally turned his attention to painting, and from 1832 to 1840 traveled through the West, gathering material for his work. This he afterward embodied in a series of several hundred pictures and scenes illustrative of Indian life and character, most of which are now the property of the government. He died in 1872.

Clark, Willis Gaylord (page 71), an American poet and journalist, was born at Otisco, New York, in 1810. Although a graceful and entertaining writer, he produced but little of permanent interest. He died in 1841.

Clay, Henry (page 154), a famous American statesman and orator, was born in Hanover County, Virginia, in 1777. While a young man he removed to Kentucky and there by his own

exertions raised himself to the first place among the lawyers and politicians of the state. He held many important positions in the government, being a member of Congress, a United States senator, a Secretary of State, and on two occasions a candidate for the presidency of the United States. His works, which are chiefly of a political character, are included in several large volumes. He died in 1852.

Cooke, John Esten (page 77), an American lawyer and author, born at Winchester, Virginia, in 1830. Besides his "Stories of the Old Dominion," he wrote several novels of Southern life and a biography of Robert E. Lee. He died in 1886.

Cooper, James Fenimore (page 63), one of the first of American novelists, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789. He studied at Yale College, and entered the navy, but resigned upon his marriage in 1811. Thenceforth he devoted himself to literature. His first novel, "Precaution," was published in 1819; his best, "The Mohicans," in 1826. He has been called the American Scott, and not unjustly merits that title. He died at Cooperstown, New York, in 1851.

Craik, Dinah Maria Mulock (page 112), an English writer, commonly known as Miss Mulock, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent in 1826. At the age of twenty-three, "The Ogilvies," her first work, appeared; this was followed by "Olive," and in 1856 by her most admired novel, "John Halifax, Gentleman." Mrs. Craik wrote a pure, simple English, choosing her words with great care. She died in 1887.

Curtis, George William (page 127), was born at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1824. While a young man, he traveled in Europe and the East, and wrote "Lotus Eating" and "Nile Notes of a Howadji." On his return to America he became connected editorially with the *New York Tribune* and with *Putnam's Monthly*. In the latter, his charming sketches composing the "Potiphar Papers" and "Prue and I" first appeared. In 1854 he became editor of the "Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine* and continued in charge of that department until his death. He was also for many years the chief editorial writer for *Harper's Weekly*. He died in 1892.

Dickens, Charles (page 92), was born at Landport, near Portsmouth, in 1812. He was the most popular novelist of his time; and though his fame is not what it once was, there are few such beautiful creations in literature as Sidney Carton, Little Nell, and Paul Dombey; while his humorous characterizations, though sometimes bordering on the grotesque, tend to a larger and more tolerant view of life. His best work, in the opinion of many, is "David Copperfield," although the "Pickwick Papers," "Dombey and Son," and two or three others are almost equally popular. Mr. Dickens died in 1870.

Dimond, William (page 61), an English poet and dramatist, born at Bath in 1780. He is remembered only for his poem, "The Mariner's Dream." He died in 1835.

Doane, George Washington (page 276), an American clergyman and bishop, was born at Trenton, New Jersey, in 1799. His writings include several collections of essays and a volume of poetry entitled, "Songs by the Way." He died in 1859.

Drake, Joseph Rodman (page 254), an American poet, was born at New York in 1795. He studied medicine and took his degree when about twenty years of age. Most of his published writings were produced during a period of less than two years. The best known of his poems are "The Culprit Fay" and the "American Flag." He died in 1820 at the early age of twenty-five.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo (pages 175, 332), an American philosopher and poet, was born at Boston in 1803. He was educated at Harvard College. After teaching a few years he was ordained minister of the Second Unitarian Church at Boston, but soon abandoned the pulpit. Not long afterwards he retired to Concord, where he continued to reside, living the life of a man of letters, until his death in 1882.

Everett, Edward (page 235), was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1794, and died in 1865. During his long life he occupied many important positions under the government, was professor of Greek in Harvard College, and was editor of the *North American Review* for a number of years. His present fame, however, rests chiefly on his orations, which were carefully prepared, and are models of style.

Finch, Francis M. (page 145), was born at Ithaca, New York in 1827. He was educated at Yale College, and in 1881 was elected an associate judge of the court of appeals of the state of New York. He wrote several poems, but "The Blue and the Gray" is the only one that achieved popularity.

Geike, Sir Archibald (page 215), a Scottish geologist, was born at Edinburgh in 1835. He was for many years professor of geology in Edinburgh University. His works, which are numerous, include a "Student's Manual of Geology," and a "Memoir of Sir Roderick I. Murchison."

Goldsmith, Oliver (page 99), was born at Pallas, Ireland in 1728. He received his education at several schools, at Trinity College, Dublin, at Edinburgh, and at Leyden. In 1756 he became a resident of London, where he made the acquaintance of several celebrated men, among whom were Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. His writings are noted for their purity, grace, and fluency. He died in 1774.

Grady, Henry W. (page 142), an American journalist and orator, was born in Georgia in 1851. He was editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* and achieved great popularity as a public speaker. He died in 1889.

Green, John Richard (page 241), a distinguished English historian, was born at Oxford in 1837. After taking his degree at Jesus College he was ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England. He was afterwards appointed librarian to the archbishop of Canterbury and devoted his leisure to historical research. In 1875 he brought out his "Short History of the English People," probably the most popular work of the kind ever published. He afterwards wrote several other works of similar character. He died in 1883.

Grimké, Thomas S. (page 326), an eminent lawyer and scholar, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1786. He graduated at Yale in 1807, and died near Columbus, Ohio, in 1834. He gained considerable reputation as a politician, but is best known as an advocate of peace, Sunday Schools, and the Bible.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (pages 81, 229), the most famous of American novelists, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804.

He was educated at Bowdoin College; served in the Custom House at Salem; was appointed United States consul at Liverpool; and finally settled at Concord, Massachusetts. His first book, "Fanshawe," published in 1828, was a failure; and "Twice Told Tales," published in 1837, waited long for the recognition which was its due. In 1854 appeared the "Scarlet Letter," "a romance of intense interest, and exhibiting extraordinary powers of mental analysis and graphic description"; and a year later "The House of the Seven Gables," one of his most popular books, but inferior to the "Scarlet Letter" in literary finish and in the development of plot. Hawthorne died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, in 1864.

Henry, Patrick (page 147), an American statesman and orator, was born in Virginia in 1736. After having failed in mercantile business, he studied law and at the age of twenty-four was admitted to the bar. He was a delegate to the Congress of 1774, and in 1775 in Richmond, Virginia, made the famous speech of which our selection is a portion. During the Revolution he was for several years governor of Virginia. He died in 1799.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (page 165), a distinguished American writer, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1829, having for classmates several men who have since become distinguished. In 1838 he was appointed professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College. He remained there but a short time, and then returned to Boston and entered on the practice of medicine. In 1847 he was appointed professor at Harvard, filling a similar position to the one held at Dartmouth. He discharged the duties of his professorship for more than thirty years with great success. Literature was never his profession; yet few American authors attained higher success, both as a poet and as a prose writer.

Hunt, Leigh (pages 159, 219), an English poet and miscellaneous writer, was born near London in 1784. He began to write for the public at a very early age. He was intimate with Byron, Shelley, Moore, and Keats, and was associated with

Byron and Shelley in the publication of a political and literary journal. Mr. Hunt died in 1859.

Irving, Washington (page 187), one of the most famous of American authors, was born at New York in 1783. He left school when sixteen years of age, and did not go to college. He first came prominently into notice upon the appearance, in 1809, of his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," a good-natured burlesque on the early manners and records of the city. The seventeen years following 1815 he spent in Europe, and during this time published several of his best works, as "The Sketch Book," "Life of Columbus," "Conquest of Granada," and "The Alhambra." In 1842–46 he was United States minister to Spain. The refined feeling, genial humor, and simple language of Irving's writings give them a high place in literature. Mr. Irving died at his home near Tarrytown, New York, in 1859.

Jerrold, Douglas William (page 295), dramatist, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born in London, 1803. In his tenth year he was sent to sea, but after serving two years was apprenticed to a printer in London. His nautical drama, "Black-eyed Susan" (1829), first brought him into notice, but his subsequent dramatic writings were of a far higher character. In 1852 he became editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, which post he held till his death, in 1857. His collected works are published in six volumes.

Jones, Sir William (page 279), an English scholar and statesman, was born at Westminster in 1746. He was educated at Oxford, and early distinguished himself by his ability as a student. Much of his life was spent in India, and in 1783 he was made judge of the Supreme Court of Bengal. He died at Calcutta in 1794.

Kinney, Coates (page 76), an American journalist and lawyer was born in Ohio in 1826. He was the writer of several poems, of which "Rain on the Roof" is the best known.

Kipling, Rudyard (page 156), an English writer, was born at Bombay, India, in 1865. He was the author of a number of stories which attained great popularity, and a few poems of

marked originality. His best work is included in his "Jungle Books," collections of stories for young readers.

Lamb, Charles (page 310), an English essayist, was born at London in 1775, and received his education at the school of Christ's Hospital. In 1792 he obtained a clerkship in the office of the East India Company, which he retained until 1825, when he retired on a pension. It is on the "Essays of Elia," collected and printed in 1823, and "Last Essays of Elia," added in 1833, that his reputation rests. In collaboration with his sister Mary, he wrote for children "Tales from Shakespeare," a book which is still in general use. There is a quaint charm of style and a delicate humor in his essays which make them very attractive to people of a dainty taste in literature. Charles Lamb died at Edmonton in 1834.

Lanier, Sidney (page 213), was born at Macon, Georgia, in 1842. He graduated at Oglethorpe College in 1860, and enlisted in the Confederate army. In 1876, through the influence of his friend Bayard Taylor, he was selected to read a Centennial Ode at the Philadelphia Exposition. He soon afterwards removed to Baltimore, Maryland, and in 1879 was chosen lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University. He died at Lynn, North Carolina, in 1881.

Larcom, Lucy (page 97), was born at Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1826. While a young girl working in a cotton factory in her native town, she contributed some poems to the *Lowell Offering*, which won the admiration and encouragement of the poet Whittier. She taught several years in the seminary at Norton, and her first volume of poetry was published in 1859. She died in 1893.

Lee, Henry (page 288), was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, in 1756; died in 1818. In 1799, when Congress received intelligence of the death of Washington, Lee, being a member of that body, was appointed to pronounce the eulogium. The resolutions which he drew up for the occasion, and from which our extract is taken, were presented during Lee's temporary absence by his friend Judge Marshall. Henry Lee was long known in Virginia by the name of "Legion Harry," or "Light-

horse Harry," in allusion to the rapid and daring movements of his corps in the War of the Revolution. He was the father of General Robert E. Lee, commander of the Confederate armies in the Civil War.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (pages 30, 90, 293), was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807. He was educated at Bowdoin College, and having been appointed professor of modern languages in that institution, he went abroad and spent some time in thoroughly fitting himself for the position. In 1835 he was appointed professor of belles-lettres in Harvard College, and he accordingly removed to Cambridge, where he remained until his death in 1882. He was a genuine singer, and the sweetness of his melody has made him the most popular poet of the last half century among the English-speaking peoples.

Lowell, James Russell (page 109), was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819, and was educated at Harvard College. From 1877 to 1885, he was U. S. Minister, first to Spain, afterwards to Great Britain. He died in 1891. Lowell's powers as a writer were very versatile, and his poems range from the most dreamy and imaginative to the most trenchant and witty. Among his most noted works are "The Biglow Papers," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "Among my Books," and "My Study Windows."

Miller, Cincinnatus Heine (page 182), commonly known as Joaquin Miller, was born in Indiana, in 1841. At the age of eleven he emigrated with his father to Oregon, and three years later went to California. His "Songs of the Sierras" was published in London in 1871, and "Songs of the Sun Lands" at the same place in 1872.

Nadaud, Gustave (page 37), a French song writer, was born in Paris in 1802. He died in 1893. His beautiful song, "Carcassonne" is known to English readers, through several admirable translations.

O'Gorman, Richard (page 267), was born in Dublin, Ireland, and educated at Trinity College. He studied law and became a conspicuous member of the Irish bar. In 1849 he came to New York, where he devoted himself during the remainder of

his life to the practice of his profession. He was an able orator, and his voice and pen always responded to the call of charity and the demands of true patriotism. He died in 1895.

O'Hara, Theodore (page 247), was born in Kentucky in 1820. He was an officer in the United States army during the Mexican War, and served with the Confederates in the Civil War. He died in 1867. His only writing which preserves his memory is the poem which comprises our extract.

Parkman, Francis (page 167), an American historian, was born in Boston in 1823, and was educated at Harvard College. The greater part of his life was spent in a careful study of the French explorations and settlements in America; and he published the fruits of his labor in twelve large volumes. Although troubled with an affection of the eyes, which sometimes wholly prevented reading or writing, his work was most carefully and successfully done. His narratives are written in a clear and animated style, and his volumes are a rich contribution to American history. He died in 1893.

Plutarch (page 106) was a famous Greek historian, born in Bœotia, Greece, about 46 A.D. His principal work, "Parallel Lives of Illustrious Greeks and Romans," has been often translated into English and is known to every schoolboy. He wrote also several works on philosophy and ethics.

Read, Thomas Buchanan (page 151), was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1822. In 1839 he entered a sculptor's studio in Cincinnati, where he gained reputation as a portrait painter. He afterwards went to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and, in 1850, to Italy. He died in 1872. Our selection is abridged from "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies."

Richter, Jean Paul (page 157), a celebrated German author, was born at Wunsiedel, Bavaria, in 1763. He was a very prolific writer, his complete works filling sixty volumes. All of his best books have been translated into English. He died in 1825.

Russell, John (page 233), an American journalist, was born in Vermont in 1793. He was at one time editor of the

Backwoodsman, published at Grafton, Illinois, and later of the *Louisville Advocate.* He was the author of numerous sketches and essays now no longer current. He died in 1863.

Ryan, Abram J. (page 119), popularly known as "Father Ryan," was a Catholic priest, born in Virginia in 1840. The poems by which he became so well known, especially in the South, were published in 1881. He died in 1886.

Scott, Sir Walter (page 272), was born in Edinburgh in 1771. He was educated at the University, and in 1792 was made an advocate at the bar, but his early mental habits soon led him to devote himself to literature. Scott's earliest works were narrative poems, of which the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was the first, and "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," the best. In 1814 "Waverley" appeared, the first of that series of romances which has placed Scott's name among the greatest in English literature. In 1825 the failure of his publishers involved his own financial ruin; from that time until his death he was engaged in a heroic and successful struggle to free himself from the debts thus incurred. He died in 1832.

Shakespeare, William (pages 237, 283), regarded by many as the greatest poet the world has ever produced, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, England, in 1564. He went to London in 1589, wrote poems and plays, was an actor, accumulated some property, and retired to Stratford three or four years before his death which occurred in 1616. Shakespeare's works show a wonderful knowledge of human nature, expressed in language remarkable for its point and beauty.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe (page 328), a famous English poet, was born at Field Place, Sussex, in 1792. He studied at Oxford, but was expelled in 1811 for advocating revolutionary opinions. From this time until his death in 1822, Shelley lived in a state of excitement and unrest, occasioned partly by family troubles, and partly by his consuming desire to reform the world. He united a wide and deep scholarship with a keen intellect and an almost idolatrous love of the beautiful in every form. Had he lived to give to the world

the product of mature years, he would probably now be acknowledged as one of the greatest men of all times.

Southey, Caroline Bowles (page 104), was born near Lymington, England, in 1787. Her first work, "Ellen Fitz-Arthur," a poem, was published in 1820; and for more than twenty years her writings were published anonymously. In 1839 she was married to Robert Southey, the poet. She died in 1854. Our extract first appeared in 1822 in a collection entitled, "The Widow's Tale, and other Poems."

Stephens, Alexander H. (page 307), an American statesman, was born at Crawfordville, Georgia, in 1812. He was educated at the University of Georgia, and adopted the profession of law. In 1843 he was elected a member of Congress, and for sixteen years he retained his seat in that body. He was opposed to secession, but in 1861 was elected Vice President of the Confederate States. In 1873 he was again sent to Congress, and ten years later was elected governor of his native state. He died, however, in the same year, 1883. He was the author of a number of able speeches and political essays.

Stevenson, Robert Louis (page 32), a Scottish essayist and novelist, was born at Edinburgh in 1850. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and studied law, but never practiced. He wrote a number of excellent stories and romances, the most popular of which are "Treasure Island," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "David Balfour." He died at Apia, Samoa, in 1894.

Sumner, Charles (page 302), was born in Boston in 1811. He studied at the Latin school in his native city, graduated from Harvard University, studied law at the same institution, and was admitted to practice in 1834. In 1851, he was elected to the United States Senate, and continued in that position till his death in 1874.

Taine, Hippolyte A. (page 221), was born in France in 1828. His literary reputation dates from 1854, when his essay on "Livy" appeared. His best works are a "History of English Literature," "The Philosophy of Art," and "The Origins of Contemporary France." He died in 1893.

Talmage, Thomas DeWitt (page 140), an American preacher, was born near Bound Brook, New Jersey, in 1832. He was educated at the University of the City of New York, and in 1869 became pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. In 1895 he removed to Washington, and assumed the pastorate of one of the large churches in that city. He was the author of a number of works on religious and social topics, besides several collections of sermons.

Taylor, Jane (page 44), an English writer, was born at London in 1783. She wrote numerous stories and poems for children — all now very old-fashioned — and was the author of a volume of essays on morals and manners. She died in 1824.

Tennyson, Alfred (page 80), one of the greatest of English poets, was born at Somerby, Lincolnshire, in 1809. His first volume of poems appeared in 1830; it made little impression, and was severely treated by the critics. On the publication of his third series, in 1842, his poetic genius began to receive general recognition. On the death of Wordsworth he was made poet laureate, and he was then regarded as the foremost living poet of England. He died in 1892.

Thackeray, William Makepeace (page 320), a distinguished English novelist and essayist, was born at Calcutta, India, in 1811. While a boy he removed from India to England, where he was educated at the Charterhouse in London, and at Cambridge. His first novel under his own name, "Vanity Fair," appeared in monthly numbers during 1846–48, and is generally considered his finest production; although "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," the "Virginians," and "The Newcomes" are also much admired. At the close of 1859 Thackeray became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and made it one of the most successful serials ever published. He died in 1863.

Thompson, John R. (page 304), an American journalist and author, was born in Virginia in 1823; died at Richmond in 1873. He was editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* from 1847 to 1859, and his poems are much admired for their lyrical quality.

Thoreau, Henry David (page 315). This eccentric American author and naturalist was born at Concord, Massachusetts, in 1817. He graduated at Harvard University in 1837 and afterwards supported himself mainly by teaching, lecturing, land-surveying, and carpentering. In 1845 he built himself a small wooden house near Concord, on the shore of Walden Pond, where he lived about two years. He died in 1862. In descriptive power Mr. Thoreau has few if any superiors.

Ticknor, Francis Orrery (page 325), was born in Baldwin County, Georgia, 1822. He died near Columbus, Georgia, 1874. His poems, many of which are highly meritorious, have been collected and published in a single volume.

Tyndall, John (page 223), one of the most celebrated of modern scientists, was born in Ireland in 1820; died in Surrey, England, in 1893. He was a pupil of the distinguished Faraday. In 1853 he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of London. He is known chiefly for his brilliant experiments and clear writing respecting heat, light, and sound. He also wrote one or two interesting books concerning the Alps and their glaciers.

Van Dyke, Henry (page 69), a popular American author, was born in Pennsylvania in 1852. He was for many years a prominent Presbyterian clergyman in New York city, and later a professor in the University of Princeton. Among his best-known works are "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," "Fisherman's Luck," and "The Builders, and other Poems."

Webster, Daniel (page 250), an American statesman and orator, was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, in 1782. He attended the common school, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1801. In 1812 he was elected to the United States House of Representatives, and at once took his place as one of the most prominent men of that body. In 1816 he removed to Boston; and in 1827 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he continued for twelve years. In 1841 he was made Secretary of State, and soon after negotiated the famous "Ashburton Treaty" with England, settling the northern boundary of the United States. In 1845 he returned to the Senate; and in

1850 he was reappointed Secretary of State, and continued in office till his death. He died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, in 1852.

Whitney, Adeline D. T. (page 228), was born in Boston in 1824. Her literary career began about 1856, since which time she has written several novels and poems.

Whittier, John Greenleaf (pages 39, 41, 137), one of the best loved of American poets, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. He spent his boyhood on a farm, occasionally writing verses for the papers even then. In 1829 he edited a newspaper in Boston, and the next year assumed a similar position in Hartford. For two years he was a member of the Massachusetts legislature. In 1836 he edited an antislavery paper in Philadelphia. "Snow-Bound," published in 1865, is one of the longest and best of his poems. Several of his shorter pieces are marked by much smoothness and sweetness. He died in 1892.

Wirt, William (page 256), an American lawyer and author, was born at Bladensburg, Maryland, in 1772. He was educated privately, and in 1792 was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law; he removed to Richmond in 1799. From 1817 to 1829 he was attorney general of the United States. His last years were spent in Baltimore. He died in 1834.

Wolfe, Charles (page 309), an Irish clergyman and poet, was born in Dublin in 1791. "The Burial of Sir John Moore," one of the finest poems of its kind in the English language, was written in 1817, and first appeared in the *Newry Telegraph*. Byron said of this ballad that he would rather be the author of it than of any other ever written.

Yonge, Charlotte M. (page 49), was born in Hampshire, England in 1823. She wrote a large number of books, some historical and others works of fiction. Her best known novel is "The Heir of Redclyffe." She died in 1901.